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MARINE. BY PIETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER.

Cliché Vanoest, Paris
Vienna, Museum.

Henry Hudson

By

LLEWELYN POWYS

AND

PROF. JAMES J YUEN. DOCTOR OF IGNORANCE
RELATING TO THE CARANIUM OF RATS AND
TERMITES.

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THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED IN FRIENDSHIP TO

THE HONOURABLE GALBRAITH COLE

PREFACE

T has been my purpose in this book to present as impartial and accurate a picture as possible of Henry Hudson's adventures, as he voyaged over "the huge uncharted waves," without being beguiled into the familiar note of exaggerated eulogy so natural a temptation to every Englishman brought up by his father to look with understanding eyes at the deep rolling swell and free wind-driven surf of the English Channel. I have tried, as far as it has been within my power, to set the great achievements of this dead sea captain in their true relation to that wider historical perspective that is only indirectly concerned with any particular country or race, a perspective which should include, were there a mind profound enough to scan it, the far-extending progressions of all life, as they hesitate, retreat, and advance to the swift transforming measure of "cormorant devouring time."

I have been most generously helped in my researches by many people, and I would like here to tender my gratitude to Mr. Millard F. Hudson, who, with that magnanimity that I cannot help associating with America and Americans, put at my disposal, without reservation, all the valuable material on the Hudson family, collected

by him through many years of patient, industrious, and scholarly inquiry. Much of this material, though beyond the scope of my book, is of historical interest, and it is to be sincerely hoped that Mr. Hudson will, in due course, see to it that the results of his long labours are preserved through publication. How long these labours have been will be appreciated by students of the explorer when they learn that Mr. Hudson was at one time in communication with General Read, whose book on the navigator's family history was published so many years ago.

I am especially indebted to Mr. H. P. Bigger, of the Public Record Office, to whose advice and encouragement I owe the discovery of the lost verdict passed in the High Court of Admiralty on the mutineers. This valuable document was actually found for me by that most diligent and skilled investigator, Miss Alice Mayes. To the Reverend Canon C. H. Mayo I wish also to acknowledge my gratitude for his generosity in bringing to bear on the elucidation and translation of the discovered parchment his rare scholarly knowledge of ancient documents, and his familiarity with legal Latin.

I would wish also to express my thanks for the courtesy shown me by the Office of Historical Research in London, by the Hakluyt Society, by the Royal Historical Society, by the Secretary of the Congressional Library in Washington, by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, by Dr. W. A. F. Bannier, Secretary of the Historical Society of Utrecht, Holland, by Dr. W. F. Geikie Cobb, Rector of the church of Saint Ethelburga the Virgin, and by the late Mr. R. G. Marsden, to whose exhaustive researches

amongst ancient shipping documents myself and other historians of Hudson have been so deeply indebted.

To my old friend Mr. Brooke for his assistance at the British Museum, to Mr. Kenneth Burke for his help at the New York Public Library, to Miss Bremner for her aid in translating the Dutch books found necessary to consult, and to Mr. Charles J. Bathurst for his competent draughtsmanship of my maps, I tender likewise my gratitude.

Lastly, I would wish to register my acknowledgement to Mr. Louis N. Feipel, to my friend Louis Wilkinson, to my brothers, John Cowper and Littleton Charles Powys, and to my wife, Alyse Gregory, for the advice and help they have given me.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

The White Nose, Dorset,
May Day, 1927.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
PREFACE		vii
CHAP. I.	ST. ETHELBURGA THE VIRGIN	1
II.	SEBASTIAN CABOT	4
III.	THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE	12
IV.	WILLIAM BARENTS	18
V.	THE FIRST SAILING	24
VI.	SPITSBERGEN	31
VII.	AN INDUSTRY INAUGURATED	39
VIII.	THE SECOND SAILING	45
IX.	NOVAYA ZEMLYA	50
X.	THE DUTCH SCENE	60
XI.	TENTATIVE OVERTURES	70
XII.	THE DUTCH CONTRACT	77
XIII.	THE THIRD SAILING	84
XIV.	THE NEW WORLD	91
XV.	NEW YORK HARBOUR	96
XVI.	THE HUDSON RIVER	104
XVII.	THE DEPARTURE	112
XVIII.	IN ENGLAND AGAIN	117
XIX.	THE FOURTH SAILING	124
XX.	HUDSON STRAIT	130

CHAP. PAGE
XXI. HUDSON BAY 139
XXII. THE WINTERING 146
XXIII. THE MUTINY 157
XXIV. CAPTAIN GREENE 168
XXV. DIGGES ISLAND 176
XXVI. THE RETURN OF THE MUTINEERS . . . 180
XXVII. THE ACQUITTAL 183

TRANSCRIPTION OF THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENT OF THE VERDICT PASSED UPON THE MUTINEERS . 190

TRANSLATION OF THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENT OF THE VERDICT PASSED UPON THE MUTINEERS . . 194

BIBLIOGRAPHY 199

INDEX 207

ILLUSTRATIONS

HUDSON'S CHART, from the one published in 1612 by Hessel Gerritz . . . . . *Front endpaper*

MARINE. By Pieter Bruegel the Elder . . . *Frontispiece*

NORTH POLAR REGIONS . . . . . *Facing page* 31

SPITSBERGEN OR SVALBARD (NEWLAND) . . „ „ 39

NOVAYA ZEMLYA . . . . . „ „ 51

THE EAST COAST OF NORTH AMERICA . . „ „ 91

HUDSON STRAIT AND BAY . . . . . „ „ 157

FACSIMILE OF PAGE FIVE OF ORIGINAL DOCUMENT OF THE VERDICT PASSED UPON THE MUTINEERS „ „ 198

THE HUDSON RIVER AND ITS MOUTH . . *Back endpaper*

HENRY HUDSON

CHAPTER I

ST. ETHELBURGA THE VIRGIN

OF the origin and early life of Henry Hudson, the navigator, nothing is certain. We know that he had a house somewhere near the Tower of London, and was married to a woman named Katherine, by whom he had three sons, Oliver, John, and Richard. Beyond these facts all is conjecture, so that our history must perforce begin, as others have done, with "the experienced English pilot" and his crew of ten men and a boy taking Holy Communion in the church of St. Ethelburga the Virgin within Bishopsgate, before setting out on their great voyage.

It was a ceremony highly in keeping with the mood of the great age that was, in the year 1607, drawing to a close. The seamen of Queen Elizabeth's time were remarkable in many ways, and not least in the faculty they displayed of combining religion with their more vigorous activities. Hawkins, as he transported his cargoes of "black ivory" westward, thought it in no way inconsistent to call upon that Saviour of mankind whose name will always be associated with the tentative strivings of the human race toward a more pitiful attitude in their relations one with the other.

In spite of the fact that this service in the church of St. Ethelburga has been dwelt upon with such unction, it still possesses a romance and dignity of its own. The church they had selected for the practice

of the solemn rite is still standing. Today it may be seen very much as it was on that April morning three hundred years ago, its door still guarded on both sides by shops built into the porch, the one on the right hand being first rented some forty odd years before Hudson's visit, and the other, on the left, some three years after his death. It stands today dominated and overshadowed by modern buildings, but, even so, continues as a sturdy relic of a splendid epoch, the living memory of which each year grows dimmer and dimmer.

The present church, which took the place of an even older building, was constructed in the first half of the fifteenth century, that is to say, some seventy years before the celebrated voyages of discovery made by the Cabots. It owes its dedication to a Saxon saint, the first Abbess of Barking. Its incumbent in the year 1607 was William Bedwell, who was also the Vicar of Tottenham. He was a distinguished Arabic scholar, and for this reason was, perhaps, especially interested in explorations towards the East, towards those countries from which incense had been brought time out of mind. And yet, perhaps, incense was not much to his liking either, because we read in an account book still preserved at the church, how "olde Serymony things, . . . olde Copes, vestments, latten waxe" had been sold for a price, together with "a pixe clothe of open work."

The ancient street of Bishopsgate was near the famous city wall, was, indeed, the main city street leading to the great north road. A fragment of the original wall is still standing within the churchyard of All-Hallows-on-the-Wall, within two hundred yards of St. Ethelburga, and the solid masses of masonry, put into place by the Romans and preserved by generations of anxious burghers throughout the Middle Ages, may actually be seen and touched by the curious today. The church of St. Ethelburga was situated by the side of this much-frequented thorough-

fare, crowded with hostelries for travellers. In truth, the small building in Elizabeth's time was surrounded by taverns, separated from each other by dark and crooked alleys.

As one walks along the pavements of Bishopsgate Street, with all the turmoil of London about one, it is still possible to read the quaint names that must have guided Hudson and his men as they assembled to partake of the Sacrament. Wormwood Alley, Peahen Alley! How homely and in every way admirable is the sound of such appellations! The Angel was next door to the church on the north side. Across the way stood the Four Swans, with its tap-room, the Queen's Head; while further off could be seen the Green Dragon, the Black Bull, and a score of others. Strangely enough, the present offices of the Hudson's Bay Company are to be found within bowshot of the church door. But the church is the same, with the small shop cooped up in its porch, the shop for which Samuel Aylworde, a glover, paid 6s. 8d. as half-year rent in the time of Hudson, now flourishing under the sign of Robinson, an oculist and provider of spectacles.

To those of us who have a fondness for odd coincidences and sentimental, far-fetched associations, it is interesting to learn that the outer walls of St. Ethelburga have, ever since they were built, been given to sweating in damp weather, because, so runs a tradition amongst its painful churchwardens, the sand out of which the mortar was made came from the sea.

CHAPTER II

SEBASTIAN CABOT

OR the purpose of understanding clearly the sequence of historical contingencies that led to Henry Hudson's setting out on his first voyage of discovery, it is necessary to be reminded of the aims and exploits of the Cabots.

It is to John Cabot, a merchant of Bristol, by birth a Genoese and by adoption a Venetian, that the honour must be given of having first suggested the idea that a short passage to the East might be found by way of the North. As a young man, he had visited Mecca and had spoken to certain Arab traders, newly arrived from across the desert, who, as they unloaded from off the galled backs of their tired camels bales of oriental merchandise, had told him stories of the fabulous wealth of the places from which they had come, stories that had inflamed his imagination and had set him meditating upon the possible existence of a more expedient way of bringing to Europe those treasured commodities.

The prevailing geographical theory of the fifteenth century regarded the world as consisting of one vast continent, made up of Europe, Asia, and Africa, surrounded by one vast ocean, and it was to this conception that the new scientific doctrine as to the roundness of the earth had to be reconciled. If the world was really round, as men said, then, so reasoned the astute Italian, as he looked westward down the Bristol Channel, a stout-

lhearted sailor by steering across the Atlantic could reach Cathay by sea. How could it be otherwise, if between the palm-grown fantastical coast of Marco Polo's relation and the homely limpet-encrusted rocks of Lundy Island there existed nothing but water?

The merchant community of the old West Country port had been for a long time occupied with the notion of exploring the great sea whose ebb and flow each day lapped against the stanchions of their wharfs planted firmly in good Severn mud. To them, and to many men of that age, it seemed that the prophecy of Seneca was about to be fulfilled, when he said, "A time will come in later years when the ocean will unloose the bands of things, when the immeasurable earth will lie open, when seafarers will discover new countries, and Thule will no longer be the extreme part among the lands."

The news that Columbus had actually sailed to the West Indies or (as he himself believed) to Japan, must have served as an even greater incentive to Cabot to find his northern route. To us, living in an age of free international intercourse, it seems difficult to believe that the superior geographical knowledge possessed by the Scandinavians at that time had not become common to Europe. In Iceland, where Norsemen had been settled for many centuries, there existed throughout the Middle Ages sagas that told of the colonization of Greenland, of the discovery of America! Yet in England and in southern Europe even the more intelligent investigators, retarded from intercourse with the Norsemen by the jealous Hanseatic confederacy, still based their ideas concerning the North upon the veriest hearsay, upon the writings of Strabo, of Ptolemy, and of Pliny, or upon wild gargoyle fancies of mediaeval legend. Truly a peculiar charm belongs to the innocent notions that bewildered the minds of the early navigators. On his third voyage Columbus

seems to have believed that he was actually approaching Paradise! How else could he account for the cool green pastures that bordered the River Orinoco, for the gentle balmy nature of the air? "The earth," he affirmed, "is probably not spherical, but elongated like a pear, and on the summit of the protuberance is situated the earthly paradise whither no one can go but by God's permission." The Spaniards, however, soon became masters of a better science. "Two elements," wrote Antonio de Herrera, chief chronicler of the Indies, "make the globe; whose upper face in part is Earth, and in part is Sea. The ancients divided the Earth in three parts, and gave to every one his name. The first they called Europe, more celebrated than any other. The second Asia, which is greater than the rest and contayneth the great Kingdome of China. The third Africa . . . Christopher Colon, first Admirall of the Indies . . . gave a beginning to the Discovery of that which at this day is counted the fourth part of the World . . . which goeth so high to the North that it hides itselfe under the Pole Articke without knowing any end."

So boldly did the Cabots venture in 1497, and again in the following year, that, if we can trust Sebastian's celebrated planisphere printed nearly fifty years later, the son, in the second voyage, became cognizant of both Hudson and Davis Straits, the two openings through which man must pass if he seeks to know where the earth "hides itself."

After his first voyage, John Cabot returned to Bristol, to "amuse himself." A Venetian, who was in London at the time, wrote to his brother that Cabot had returned from the country of the great "Chan," and adds, "Vast honour is paid him, and he dresses in silk; and these English run after him like mad people."

If we attribute to the elder Cabot the distinction of having originated the idea of a northern passage to the

East, we must reserve for the gifted son the honour of having been among the first cartographers who grasped the true significance of what had been discovered, the first who understood that a new continent had been found, and who drew upon his charts an unbroken coast-line between Labrador and Florida.

This renowned authority on all matters concerning the sea was an even more remarkable man than was his father. Sly as a bundle of foxes, we see him with his forked beard and dignified presence as the gifted pilot, not only of Henry VIII and Charles V, but also of his own career, directing it with the utmost resource through the shoals and chances of a long and hazardous life. To have preserved his reputation as a nautical expert through so many difficult decades, surrounded as he was by enemies, a reputation based principally on those two early expeditions to the North-West, was no mean feat, especially since it procured for him a succession of salaries and pensions extracted from the iron-bound coffers of sovereigns by no means noted for their liberality. Again and again his enemies conspired against him, but even to the year of his death the Princes of the Earth put their trust in him. If Henry would not satisfy him, then he left for Spain ; and when discontented with his treatment there as "Pilot-Major," he entered into secret correspondence with his native city of Venice, offering his special services to the Doge.

In the year 1526 he undertook, on behalf of the Spanish crown, an expedition to the Moluccas, which proved a complete failure, since it never got further than the La Plata River, where some of his crew were eaten by savages, not so much out of vindictiveness, but to "ascertain whether their flesh was as salt, and had the same unpalatable savour noticed in the other Spaniards they had previously tasted." Undaunted as ever, Sebastian wrote back that "His Imperial Majesty will no longer want

either cinnamon or pepper, for he will have more gold and silver than he requires." Most shamelessly did he intrigue with every principality, "professing himself to be experte in knowledge of the circute of the worlde and Ilandes of the same." Even in his old age he still retained sufficient vitality to better his fortunes. In the year 1548 he took his departure secretly and suddenly to England, where he received from Edward VI a fixed salary of £166 a year.

It is during this autumn of his long life that his activities become once more of direct importance to us. Perhaps it was at his suggestion that the power of the Steelyard was broken, and that the especial privileges which the Hansa merchants had for so long enjoyed were withdrawn. Never again were these German traffickers from Lübeck, Cologne, Brunswick, and Danzig to sit at ease behind the fortified walls of their warehouse sanctuary, above London Bridge, above the only city gate that commanded the waterway of the Thames, drinking Rhenish wine, while they grew rich at the expense of England. They lingered on for many years, for centuries, but rather like wasps that have had their stings extracted than like honey bees.

In the old days individual members of these "Burghers of the Free Towns" had been murdered in popular riots because they were unable to pronounce the words "bread and cheese"; but now these kings' favourites, by an act revoking their privileges, were, as a corporate body, mortally wounded. Yet these people who now fell before the machinations of Sebastian Cabot, and of Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the London Exchange, were the same who had been "the beloved burghers" of Richard Cœur de Lion, and who had financed the campaigns of Crécy and Poitiers. Decrepit Easterlings, winged and maimed, they were to retain a foothold in London till the year 1853, when the last Steelyard

property was sold to an English company by the cities of Lübeck and Bremen.

No sooner had their privileges been rescinded than there arose what Sir Thomas Gresham was pleased to call "the new Hansa," a purely English company entitled "The Merchant Adventurers," of which Sebastian Cabot was made the first Governor. The trade conditions of England in the reign of Edward VI were in a poor way, and it was thought to better them by "resolving upon a new and strange navigation." The wealth of the land had always rested upon wool, upon the wool-sack, but it had become imperative to find a wider market for the roughly-woven home-made cloth.

The first intimation we have of this new eagerness for commercial expansion beyond the seas occurs in a letter written by the Imperial Ambassador to the Queen of Hungary, in May 1541. "About two months ago, there was a deliberation in the Privy Council as to the expediency of sending two ships to the Northern Seas for the purpose of discovering a passage between Islandt and Engronland for the northern regions where it was thought that, owing to the extreme cold, English woolen clothe would be very acceptable and sell for a good price." It was certainly ingenious, this idea that even the climatic conditions prevailing in the Arctic regions might have a business value for England ; but, alas, the plan was hardly feasible seeing that the Eskimos, even to this day, prefer to go about in sealskin jackets and bird-skin breeches.

It required the acumen of the "ancient pilot of Seville" to propound the plan, apparently so much more practical, of discovering a north-east passage to the Indies, a passage which, so he believed, had been navigated by the ancients. Three ships, therefore, were sent out for the intended voyage to Cathay, under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby, in May 1553. They left with most careful

sailing instructions, "compiled, made, and delivered by the right worshipful Sebastian Cabota Esquier Gouvernour of the Mysterie and Companie of the Marchant Adventurers." Some of these instructions were extremely well devised; as, for example, his inauguration of the system of keeping log-books. "Item . . . that the merchants and other skilful persons in writing shall daily write, describe, and put in memorie the navigation of every day and night, with the points of and observations of the lands, tides, elements, altitude of the sunne, course of the moon and starres." It was, in fact, just this practical turn of the old man's mind that rendered his advice of such high value amid all the vagueness and bewildered reasoning of the sixteenth century. "And if the person taken"—he refers here to the inhabitants of foreign lands—"may be made drunk with your beer or wine you shall know the secrets of his heart." We shall see presently how Hudson himself made use of this crafty suggestion.

Under Philip and Mary, Sebastian Cabot appears not to have been in quite such high favour. He was compelled to share his pension with another. Perhaps King Philip nursed a grudge against his father's celebrated truant.

We are given two more characteristic glimpses of Sebastian before he disappears into the kind of oblivion that often overtook old and failing men, however eminent, in those vigorous days. "On April 27th, 1556, being Monday, the right worshipful Sebastian Cabot came aboard our pinnace (the 'Searchthrift,' under the command of Stephen Burroughs) at Gravesend accompanied by divers gentlemen and gentlewomen . . . and when they were on shore again (at the sign of the Christopher) the good old gentleman, Master Cabota, gave to the poor most liberal alms . . . and for very joy that he had to see the towardness of our intended discovery, he entered

into the dance himself with the rest of the young and lusty company." Doubtless the eyes of this slippered pantaloon, who made so merry, were already growing dim, those same eyes that had sixty years before looked out upon the wide pine-grown stretches of the Labrador coast. Yet even on his very deathbed the Major-Pilot could not rid his mind of the foibles of navigation. For years the difficulty of finding the longitude at sea had puzzled the wisest heads. Richard Eden was inclined to believe that Sebastian Cabot knew the solution of this problem, a supposition remarkably supported by some of Cabot's surveys. In the year 1557 he went to visit him and found him sick unto death, yet even then the old man was reluctant to forgo any prestige that might accrue to him through such rumours. Richard Eden's account of his visit is the last we hear of the super-vital Venetian, who in all matters that concerned the sea appears to have been touched with something of the genius of a Leonardo. "He told me that he had the knowledge thereof by Divine revelation, yet so that he might not teach any man. But I think the good old man in that extreme age somewhat doted, and had not yet, even in the article of death, utterly shaken off worldly vain glory."

CHAPTER III

THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE

S far as Sebastian Cabot's plans were concerned, the expedition under Sir Hugh Willoughby was a failure. It never reached "the famous Region of Cathaye and the infynyte Ilonds near thereunto. All wiche are replenished with infynyt Treasures as golde, sylver, precious stones, bawmes, spices, drogges and guines." However, accident and the energy of Chancellor turned an apparent miscarriage into a channel pregnant with commercial advantages.

The ships separated at Vardö, and after an adventurous voyage, Richard Chancellor, piloted by Stephen Burroughs, found himself in the White Sea, at the mouth of the River Dwina. As the territories where the great Kubla Khan had once reigned supreme, disporting himself with hunting wild white asses with cheetah and tigers, seemed still far off, and Chancellor, to his no small astonishment, discovered himself to be in Russia, there was nothing for it but to open negotiations with Ivan Vasilivitch, Duke of Muscovy, as the Elizabethan writers used to call Ivan the Terrible. "If the lion skin be not sufficient you must e'en make it up with a scantling of foxes."

With commendable enterprise, remembering perhaps the motto of the company he served, "God be our good guide," Chancellor left his ship, the "Edward Bonaventure," at the mouth of the Dwina, and made his way

by river and land, till he reached Moscow, where he offered his duty to the half-fabulous monarch whose wealth and autocratic manner of living so deeply impressed him and his companions. Here was just what the Merchant Adventurers had been looking for, a vast country and a cold country, inhabited by a people who must of necessity be in sore need of the thick woollen garments of England. Year after year the trade increased until, under Elizabeth, before the intrusion of the Dutch, it brought the greatest prosperity to all connected with the Muscovy Company, as the Merchant Adventurers soon came to be called.

The relations between Ivan and Elizabeth make up an entertaining chapter of history. Surrounded by the garish splendour of his court, the monstrous tyrant, in a fit of good humour, would seize the stately English emissaries by their long beards. At one time he would grant them his benevolent protection, detailing a certain number of his own ferocious bodyguard, the Opritchniki, to stand by their warehouses, and a few weeks later, because of some difference between him and the virgin Queen, suddenly turn the light of his countenance from them.

If the barbaric Tsar had actually succeeded in marrying the amazing Queen, what an association would have ensued! What a singular nuptial chamber! As though a grizzly bear were to be put to bed with the proudest, hardest plumaged toucan of all the wide forest.

As it was, he could not even win the hand of Mary Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon, Elizabeth's niece. But in spite of the chagrin that resulted from his disappointments, his unexpected connexion with this distant island pleased him well. Might it not afford a fortunate asylum for him one day, in case of a revolt amongst his outraged subjects? "Should either sovereign be

obliged to leave his or her kingdom, the other would offer protection and hospitality." It was an important clause to a ruler who was accustomed at the smallest offence to have his noblemen "worried with beares," or, after the familiar custom, not wholly fallen into abeyance even in our own time, put into "a great hole in the ice over some great river." Yet in spite of the morose eccentricities of this monarch, more terrific than Kubla Khan himself to whom the very lions did obeisance, the Moscow warehouse of the Muscovy Company, which stood near the church of St. Maxim, next door to the home of Nikita Romanof (grandfather of Mikhail Feodorovitch, first Romanof Tsar) remained secure.

The fate of the gallant Sir Hugh Willoughby in his ship, "Bona Esperanza," was very different from Chancellor's. He, with the "Bona Confidentia," sailed eastward, apparently touching Goose Land in Novaya Zemlya, thereby starting a legend that somewhere in the great northern sea was "Willoughby's Land," an island that became a stumbling-block to many navigators and cartographers, and which must take its place in that world of legendary geography, which includes the mysterious mirage seen by the crew of the Bridgwater ship, "Emanuel," as she was returning from Frobisher's third expedition. The "Emanuel" was of the particular build known to the shipwrights of Somerset as a busse, and it was this fact that won for the imaginary land—"a champion country and wooddy"—the arresting name of Busse Island.

Eventually Sir Hugh Willoughby decided to winter in a cove on the coast of Lapland. He sent out his sailors to explore the desolate winter landscape in every direction, but it availed them little. At that time of year the region was abandoned even by the Lapps. His ship was now frozen in, and he and his crew were compelled to face an

Arctic winter in a land void of inhabitants and tormented by frost.

When Chancellor returned, no news of Sir Hugh Willoughby had reached England. The Muscovy Company immediately fitted out the "Searchthrift" under the command of Stephen Burroughs, to look for the lost ships, which many people supposed must have successfully reached Cathay. What actually happened is meticulously reported by Giovanni Michiel, the Venetian Ambassador, in a letter dated November 4th, 1555: "The vessels which departed hence some months ago bound for Cathay, either from inability or lack of daring, not having got beyond Moscovia in Russia, whither the others went, in like manner last year, have returned safe, bringing with them the two vessels of the first voyage, having found them on the Muscovite coast with the men on board all frozen; and the mariners now returned from the second voyage narrate strange things about the mode in which they were frozen, having found some of them seated in the act of writing, pen still in hand, and the paper before them, others at tables, platter in hand and spoon in mouth; others opening a locker, and others in various postures, like statues, as if they had been adjusted and placed in those attitudes."

This sensational sequence to the lively hopes of a north-east passage seems, after Stephen Burroughs' expedition into the ice-packed Kara Sea in 1556, to have discouraged the Muscovy Company for a period, their newly opened trade with Russia being quite sufficient to occupy their attention. Their lack of enterprise in this direction was noticed and deplored by the celebrated Belgian geographer, Gerardus Mercator. "The voyage to Cathaio by the East," he writes, "is doubtlesse very easy and short, and I have oftentimes marvelled that being so happily begun it hath been left off, and the course

changed to the West, after more than half of the voyage was discovered. For,"—so adds the learned scientist—" beyond the Island of Vaigats and Nova Zembla there followeth presently a great Baie which on the left side is enclosed with the mightie promontorie Tabin." However, in the year 1580 another expedition was sent out, under the command of the two resolute seamen, Pet and Jackman, who also advanced some considerable distance into the Kara Sea, before, in their turn, being checked by ice. It is, indeed, abundantly clear that the minds of the honest London merchants continued to be vexed by the question of a possible North-East Passage for many years. With infinite care they sifted all evidence for and against such an assumption. A peculiar horn, perfectly straight, some five or six feet long, made of ivory, hollow and heavy and marvellously decorated with natural spiral twists, was picked up on the barren seashore of Vaigach. Ignorant as people were in those days of the existence of the narwhal, or corpse-whale, that strange fish which carries in its upper jaw so singular a weapon, they concluded out of hand that their treasure trove was nothing else than the horn of a unicorn. It was given to the Tsar and was held " in no small pryce and estymacion with the said Prince." The unique object immediately provoked disputes and arguments. " Knowing that Unycorns are bredde in the landes of Cathaye, Chynayne and other Oriental Regions, (they) fell into consideration that the same Hedd was brought thither by the course of the sea, and that there must of necessytie be a passage owt of the sayde Orientall Ocean into our Septentrionall seas." But then against this necessity there presently arose several disturbing suspicions : " First it is doubtful whether these barbarous Tartarians do know an Unicornes horne, when they see it, yea or no ; and if it were one, yet it is not credible that the sea could have driven it so farre, being of such

nature that it will not swimme." There was nothing for it but to wait, relying meanwhile on the standing order given to all the factors of the company serving in Russia, " to learn by all wayes and means possible how men may passe from Russia either by land or sea to Cathaia."

CHAPTER IV

WILLIAM BARENTS

HIS intense interest in the discovery of a practical route to Cathay, either overland or by sea, was not confined to the factors of the Muscovy Company. The Russians themselves began to be infected with this cunning curiosity, as did the Dutch also, whose agents, under the direction of the great merchant, Balthasar de Moucheron, soon threatened the English trade monopoly in the White Sea.

A mysterious figure, Oliver Brunel, who had originally come from Brussels, had been captured by Ivan the Terrible, and had later been employed by certain Russians to explore the northern coast-line, which he succeeded in doing, even as far as the River Ob. This far-famed river, and the country round about it, supplied most of the rumours concerning the golden road to the East. "It is," one trader reported, "a common received speech of the Russes that are great travellers, that beyond Ob to the South-east there is a warme sea. Which they expresse in these words in the Russe tongue : Za Oby reca moria Templa, that is to say, Beyond the River Ob is a warme sea." The River Ob and "the mightie promontory of Tabin" remained for generations the two most important stages of the journey : the former seeming to offer communication overland, and the latter, if once passed by a ship, an easy passage southward into the mild and halcyon waters of the sea of Chin, whose

very breezes were made grateful with incense-bearing trees.

Scraps of evidence concerning the half-legendary river were constantly being circulated. Master Francis Cherry, one of the chief merchants of the Muscovy Company, stoutly asserted that he had himself "eaten a Sturgeon that came out of the river Ob." Others declared "that they had seene great vessels, laden with rich and precious merchandize, brought downe that great river by black or swart people"; a communication that immediately set the London merchants thinking that it would be a good place "to vent their commodities upon," unmindful in their enthusiasm of the lines of William Warner, a contemporary poet, "It is no common labour, the river Ob to sail." Each year some fresh report came to them suggesting that the tantalizing problem required only a little further effort for its final solution. The strange people who lived thereabout affirmed, so it was said, "that they had heard their forefathers say that they have heard most sweete harmonie of bels in the lake Kithay and that they have seene them in stately and large buildings: and when they make mention of the people named Carrah Colmak (this country is Cathay) they fetch deepe sighes, and holding up their hands, they looke up to heaven, signifying as it were, and declaring the notable glory and magnificence of that nation."

The explorations of Oliver Brunel had the effect of thoroughly rousing the Dutch. Though Brunel himself was no great scientist, he was able to interest learned men in the accounts of his travels. One such an individual gave him a letter to Gerardus Mercator, which was afterwards incorporated in Hakluyt's collection. On his return to the Netherlands he became connected with the town of Enckhuysen in West Friesland, and undertook a voyage to the River Pechora in a vessel from that

city. His presence in Enckhuysen seems to have prompted its citizens to take an interest in the North-East Passage.

In the year 1594, with the help and patronage of Balthasar de Moucheron, the citizens of Enckhuysen, together with those of Amsterdam, sent out the first of the three expeditions associated with the name of that most noble Arctic explorer, William Barents.

These were the last voyages made for the discovery of the North-East Passage before those of Henry Hudson. Barents was a pupil of that distinguished geographer and Calvinistic divine, Peter Plancius, who later proved himself so valuable a friend to Hudson.

On the first voyage, Barents, following the teaching of his master, who perhaps believed that the north-east point of Novaya Zemlya joined up with Russia, sailed along its west coast till he rounded Ice Cape, its most northern promontory, and discovered the Orange Islands. He then returned to Vaigach, and near Matfloy and Dolgoy fell in with the Enckhuysen ships, which had sailed through Pet Strait to a position they imagined to be north of the River Ob, but which was in reality somewhere above Kara Bay. These boats, on their return, thanks to the privilege of having a man of letters on board, made so large a discourse upon their exploit, that it was forthwith assumed that the long-sought-for passage had been now at last discovered. The next year, therefore, a grand fleet of no less than seven ships was fitted out, but owing to ice it achieved little or nothing.

In the year 1596 the third and last expedition was organized by private merchants of Amsterdam. It consisted of two vessels, the one under Jacob van Heemskerk, with William Barents as pilot, and the other under John Cornelius Ryp. Ryp refused to sail towards the north of Novaya Zemlya, but kept a more westerly course, perhaps with the idea of anticipating Hudson's

plan of sailing across the Pole. On June 9th they discovered Bear Island, and a little later Spitsbergen, the western shore of which they explored up to its most northern point. At a cape they named Vogel Hook the sea birds were so numerous that they flew against their sails. It was not far from here that they displaced a number of barnacle geese, which, when driven from their nests, rose into the air over those unharvested acres of ice crying " red, red, red ! "

They now returned to Bear Island, where they parted, Barents insisting upon his plan of rounding the most northern point of Novaya Zemlya. Probably for centuries no single seaman knew as much about those frozen seas as did this sturdy mariner from the island of Terschelling, whose surveys up till quite recent times formed the basis of every chart and map made of these regions. There is something about his nature, so simple and yet so undaunted, that constrains us to do him honour. Under the leadership of two men like Jacob van Heemskerk and William Barents, we may well be prepared for heroic exploits. De Veer's narrative forms an unequalled passage in the literature of exploration.

Over the sea they sailed, " the water being sometimes as green as grasse," and a little after " of a perfect azure colour like the skies," and then a man walking on the fore-deck " on a sudden began to cry out with a loud voice and said that he saw white swannes ; which wee that were under Hatches hearing, presently came up and perceived that it was ice that came driving from a great heape, shewing like swannes." At last they rounded Ice Cape and explored some way down the eastern coast of Novaya Zemlya till the ship became embayed, and there was nothing for it but to winter there. " We determined to build a house upon the land to keep us therein as well as we could, and so to commit ourselves unto the tuition of God."

Presently the sun disappeared for the last time, and this handful of "swag-bellied Hollanders," in their turn, were compelled to face the long darkness of the Arctic winter, with nothing to solace them in the drift-wood habitation but the *Rules of Navigation*, by Pedro Medina, a Dutch manuscript translation of the story of Pet and Jackman, and a beech-wood flute. "It being a weary time for us to bee without the sunne and to want the greatest comfort that God sendeth unto man, heare upon earth, and that rejoyceth every living thing." They subsisted upon the meat of foxes, which seemed to them to be as dainty as venison, trapping the animals whenever the snow allowed them to emerge from the shelter of their hut. But sometimes for days together they would sit over their fire, while blizzard after blizzard swept across that unknown and unawakened land. "Within the house it was so extreme cold, that as we sate before a great Fire, and seemed to burne on the foreside, we froze behind at our backes, and were all white as the Country-men use to bee, when they came in at the gates of the Towne in Holland with their sleds, and have gone all night." The very beer which they drew "froze as hard upon the side of the barrell as if it had bene glued thereon." And then, instead of decreasing, the cold would increase, "an extreme cold, almost not to be endured, where upon wee lookt pittifully one upon the other being in great feare."

At last, in that lorn boreal zone, where it has been said that the sun's rising *can be heard*, there was once more light. A diving fowl was noticed in the open water, the snow began to melt, and there were signs of the approach of spring. As they could never hope to put to sea again in their "embayed" ship, Heemskerk gave orders to get ready two open boats or herring scutes for their return journey. His enfeebled and scurvy-ridden men were almost too weak to move, but he cheered them

on, telling them if they could not get the herring boats in order then they must be prepared to dwell there "as burghers of Nova Zembla." On June 13th, when all was ready, they carried William Barents, who was sick, across the dissolving snow to one of the scutes. Before leaving the house, however, he wrote a letter which he "put in a musket charge and hanged it up in the chimney."

In such a place where the atmosphere paralyses the forces of decay, where ice and snow enfold all in a still and magical wrapping, the waste of material objects is completely arrested. Two hundred and seventy-five years later, on September 13th, 1871, a Norwegian captain, Elling Carlsen, of Hammerfest, discovered the house intact, encinctured with ice. The fireplace was there, the tankards with lids of zinc, the cooking pans of copper, the books, the six-holed German flute, just as they had been left by the men who had gone back for the last time to fetch Barents.

Now rowing, now making use of rough sails, the two frail crafts began their voyage of more than a thousand miles across the open sea. "Sometimes the ice came so fast upon us that it made our haires stare upright upon our heads, it was so fearful to behold." As they were rounding the north of Novaya Zemlya, Jacob van Heemskerk called across from his boat to William Barents, "to know how he did," and Barents shouted back, "Quite well, mate. I still hope to be able to run before we get to Wardhuus." Then a little later he spoke to his companion and said, "Gerrit, are we about Ice Point? If we be, then I pray you lift me up, for I must view it once again." And he was lifted up, and for the last time, with the trained eye of a mariner who knows the distinctive outline of every landfall he has ever looked upon, he saw the promontory, that, during half the year in the high noon of a perpetual night, confronts under an appalling void "the dead level of a glacial, a barren and absolutely lonely sea." A few more days passed and the great explorer had died.

SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST SAILING

HEN Henry Hudson and his crew attended the Holy Communion service at the church of St. Ethelburga, on April 19th, 1607, it was expected that they would leave England "foure days after." As a matter of fact their ship, the "Hopewell," of eighty tons burden, did not set sail from Gravesend till May Day.

Eleven years had passed since the famous expedition of William Barents. In the meantime the old proud Queen had died, and her place upon the throne of England had been taken by a touchy, vain, ungainly Scotsman, who seemed curiously unfitted to wear the crown of England upon his head, upon that booby's head, "too hard to be affected by wine," but as crammed with erudite cranks as a walnut is with meat. All was changed. As Sir Walter Raleigh was reported to have said, "The old fox and his cubs had entered London."

The affairs of the Muscovy Company had not been going too well. Their trade with Russia had been seriously embarrassed by rivalry with the Dutch, who, through the energy of Balthasar de Moucheron's brother, Melchior, had firmly established themselves at Archangel. It was at this period of discontent that Hudson seems to have suggested renewing the search for a short northern passage to the East. His plan was to sail straight across the North Pole. The same suggestion had been made

eighty years previously by a certain Robert Thorne—an agent of a rich Bristol firm, and the son of one of Cabot's early companions, who had presented a long and eloquent letter to Henry VIII on this very subject. Master Thorne had made the bold assertion that "there is no land uninhabitable and no sea unnavigable," and had followed this up with many plausible arguments in favour of reaching the East by this new way. "So that if I had facultie to my will, it should be the first thing that I would understand, even to attempt if our Sea northward be navigable to the Pole or no. . . . Now then if from the sayd Newfoundlands the sea be navigable, there is no doubt, but sayling Northward and passing the Pole, descending to the Equinoctial line, we shall hit those Islands, and it should be a much shorter way. . . . For they (the sailors) being past this little way which they named so dangerous (which may be two or three leagues before they come to the Pole, and as much more after they passe the Pole) it is cleare, that from thence foorth the seas and landes are as temperate as in those parts, and that then it may be at the will and pleasure of the mariners, to choose whether they will sayle by the coastes that be colde, temperate, or hote. For thus being past the Pole, it is plaine, they may decline to what part they list." The ingenious clerk, however, was never given an opportunity to put his theory to the test.

To us it seems incredible that such a suggestion should ever have been seriously mooted. We know the difficulties that it involved, we know that we live upon a planet whose two flattened ends are contracted with inconceivable frigidity. Serious-minded, well-educated men, even at the beginning of the seventeenth century, were by no means sure of this. They advanced the theory, with a considerable show of reason, that proximity to the Pole, "that place of greatest dignity on the earth," would bring with it a sudden and miraculous relief!

They held, in fact, the extraordinary notion that after the first belt of Arctic cold had been won through, the climate, as the actual Pole drew near, would grow warmer and warmer, believing, as they facetiously put it, that the sun at the far north "was rather a manufacturer of salt than of ice." They argued that "just as in the Red sea, Ormus, and the country about Balsara, on this side the Tropike there is found greater heat than under the line itself," so in the extreme north the cold was likely to grow less. Peter Plancius believed this, explaining that "near the pole the sun shines for five months continually; and although his rays are weak, yet on account of the long time they continue, they have sufficient strength to warm the ground, to render it temperate, to accommodate it for the habitation of men, and to produce grass for the nourishment of animals." He justified this reasoning in theological fashion by a neat analogy. If a small fire is kept lighted in a room all the time, the warmth of the room will be more easily maintained than by means of a large fire that is constantly allowed to go out.

The Rev. Samuel Purchas held much the same opinion, strengthening it with still other arguments. "But if either by the North-east or North-west or North a passage be open, the sight of the globe (the image of the site of the world) easily sheweth with how much ease, in how little time and expense the same might be effected, the large lines or Merideans under the line, conteyning six hundred miles, contracting themselves proportionably as they grow nearer the Pole, where that vast line at Circumference itselfe becomes (as the whole Earth to Heaven, and all earthly things to heavenly) no line any more, but a Point, but Nothing, but Vanitie."

It was then in the direction of "this Point, this Nothing, this Vanitie" that Hudson steered, in the sure conviction that he and his second boy and his ten mariners would

soon be sailing through "the sea of Chin," even until they came to Zipangu, where the palace roof was covered with a plating of gold "in the same manner as we cover houses, or more properly churches, with led."

The names of his crew were as follows: John Colman (mate), William Collins, James Young, John Cooke, James Beubery, James Skrutton, John Pleyce, Thomas Baxter, Richard Day, James Knight, and John Hudson. In twenty-six days they were off the Shetland Islands. Here they took soundings and found that the bottom of the sea was "blacke, ozie, sandie," and covered with "yellow shells." The reports given of these elementary soundings are almost always provocative, the similes used by the seamen of the day, in their efforts to describe the accidental morsels of ocean floor brought up for examination, often conveying to the reader a far more realistic notion of the actual nature of the substance scrutinized than could have been effected by more scientific words, as, for example, when pebbles are described as being "like beans," or sand "like Doves' dung."

On May 30th they were by observation in latitude 61° 11′, and it was there that Hudson records noticing the dip of the needle. "This day I found the needle to incline 79 degrees under the horizon," a phenomenon that had been already remarked upon by Christopher Columbus and Sebastian Cabot. Passing to the north of the Faroe Islands and Iceland, they sighted Greenland on June 13th. Hudson's knowledge of this vast island continent, which he knew by the name of Engronland, was extremely confused. He seems to have imagined, as Davis did before him, that the southern portion of it was an island separated from its mainland by a strait. This misconception owed its origin to Frobisher's reliance on the Zeni chart, that notorious source of geographical mis-

information. This ambiguous paper Hudson probably had with him, together with a copy of the more conscientious "card" of William Barents.

We may assume that his first landfall was near King Oscar's Fiord. From that day till June 22nd he sailed slowly northward along the east coast of Greenland, naming a certain headland "Young's Cape (a name still to be found on charts) and a hill near it "Mount of God's Mercie."

Few sections of the earth's surface can offer a more disconsolate appearance than this ice-bound strand. No trace of early Scandinavian colonization has ever been found upon it, and to this day, except for a few explorers and an occasional troop of Eskimos, it has remained untenanted, a country of ice and snow and of the musk-ox!

Indeed, as the longest day of that summer drew near, of that summer when, amid the sweet June pastures of Warwickshire, Shakespeare's daughter, Susanna, was married, we notice that even John Pleyce was affected by the grim prospect about him. The mariner journalist evokes for us something of the melancholy of the scene. "We saw some land on head of us, and some ice; and it being a thicke fogge we steered away northerly. . . . Our sayle and shrouds did freeze . . . all the afternoone and all the evening it rained. . . . This was a very high land, most part covered with snow. The neather part was uncovered. At the top it looked reddish, and underneath a blackish clay, with much ice lying about it."

From June 15th to June 17th they lay to, because of fog and an unfavourable wind. It was here that they noticed the current "setting to the south west," which sweeps down the east coast of Greenland, round Cape Farewell, and up through Davis Strait, where it is turned by the water moving down from Baffin Bay. It is the

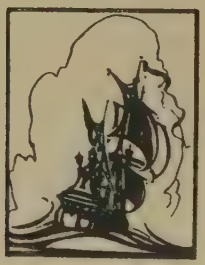
current that brings to the Eskimos from the Siberian tundras their priceless driftwood.

On the 20th they steered north-east, till noon, and afterwards north-north-east, thinking they might find a navigable sea, but presently there was more land on the port-side. They had again fallen in with Greenland. Hudson continued to be uncertain as to the real nature of the coast he was tracing, and regarded this fresh land-fall as a newly discovered region, which he named the land of "Hold-with-Hope." In support of his theory that the further north they went the milder they would find the climate, this land is announced to be "very temperate to our feeling. . . . It is a mayne high-land, nothing at all covered with snow; and the north part of that mayne highland was very high mountaynes, but we could see no snow on them." It is clear, however, that Hudson felt disquieted by having come upon more land, when he had hoped and expected to find an open sea. He anticipates criticism for having deviated from his avowed purpose of sailing across the Pole "in hailing so Westerly a course." He did so, he explains, because he wished to investigate the "Groneland" of the Zeni chart. "It might as well have been open sea as land, and by that meanes our passage should have beene the larger to the Pole. . . . And considering wee found land contrarie to what our cards make mention of, we accounted our labour so much the more worth. And, for ought that wee could see, it is like to bee a good land, and worth the seeing." It is interesting to note that on the Zeni chart Greenland is made to join up with Norway. In the neighbourhood of Hold-with-Hope they saw many birds, some "with blacke backes and white bellies in form much like a duck" and others "with blacke backs and white bellies and long speare tayles." It is just possible that the former were auks, even great auks.

Long before this time, the sun was always above the

horizon. Once they saw three grampuses playing about their ship, merciless hunting-dogs of the ocean, whose appetite it is to eat out the tongues of whales, till that mammal is fain to return once more to land, to the ancient habitat of its ancestors, and in its monstrous extremity does often get itself stranded.

From June 21st to June 27th Hudson endeavoured as well as he might to sail northward, but was apparently headed off by the ice barrier that lies between Greenland and Spitsbergen.



This map illustrates Hudson's first and second voyages to the north. The red lettering denotes names used by Hudson.

CHAPTER VI

SPITSBERGEN

EARLY in the morning of June 27th they sighted Spitsbergen. Hudson always refers to this land as Newland, and it was so marked on the Hondius map ; but John Cornelius Ryp, who it will be remembered was with Barents when it was discovered, definitely states, "We gave to that land the name of Spitsbergen for the great and high points that were on it." Hudson's Dutch chart had caused him to be on the look-out for land ; but the atmosphere was foggy, and it was hard to tell what part of Spitsbergen they were off ; perhaps they were a little to the south of Prince Charles Foreland.

The next day they sailed northward, encountering much dangerous ice, until by midnight they were near Vogel Hook. A storm that they encountered on June 20th "proved the hardest storme that we had in this voyage." From July 1st to July 6th "every kind of vagueness is accumulated." Certain authorities believe they spent the time in sailing backwards and forwards between Prince Charles Foreland and the mainland of Spitsbergen, others that they became "embayed" somewhere near Ice Sound (Grooten Inwyck). All was snow, mist, fog, and ice, and probably Hudson was as puzzled as his commentators have been since to know where he was. When he at length emerged from this "sacke" he apparently had a mind to make use of a north-east wind that was

blowing, to sail round the most southern point of Spitsbergen. July 8th, however, proved calm, and they spent the day in stopping a leak and in mending their rigging. As they worked they saw many seals and "two fishes which we judged to bee sea-horses or morses."

The uncertainty revealed in those words shows us that none of Hudson's crew had as yet been employed by the Muscovy Company in the massacre of these animals on Bear Island. Indeed, in spite of the fact that Octher, a wealthy and adventurous Norwegian, had as early as the ninth century presented King Alfred the Great with the tusks of this animal, they had remained, it seems, throughout the Middle Ages hardly known by people inhabiting countries south of the Baltic. "This animal whose head I have drawn here was taken in the Netherlandish Sea, and was 12 Brabant ells long and had four feet," wrote Albert Dürer under his fine drawing of a walrus head.

The wind now altered again, and Hudson changed his course; and during July 9th and 10th he sailed north once more along the western coast of Prince Charles Foreland. On the afternoon of the 10th they found it necessary to sail south-south-west to escape from ice and "to get more sea-roome." On the 11th, "having a fresh gale of wind at south-south-east," they sailed towards the northern end of Spitsbergen. On July 12th, at midnight—though of course it must be remembered that the visibility was that of day—William Collins, from the crow's-nest saw Vogel Hook "bearing south-south-west twelve leagues from us." On July 13th, at noon, "by observation we were 80 degrees 23 minutes." "Seeing that we know their courses from this point till next day, when they were off the mouth of Whales (King's) Bay, and that we can thus reckon back from a known position, it is demonstrably probable that for 80° 23′ we should read 79° 23′," so reasons Sir Martin Conway.

On July 14th they entered Whales Bay. Here, on all sides of them, were seen those prodigious warm-blooded animals, with the outward form of fishes, the successors of ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs, which had for thousands of years passed placid, unrecorded lives, taking their pleasure unmolested within the circumference of these undisturbed waters. And now these terrestrial reptiles, so monstrously transformed, observed with eyes "small as the eye of an ox" the first intrusion of an enemy, in physical construction insignificant, but more terrible in calculating ferocity than any "killer." The tameness of these fish was incredible; one of them lounged under the keel of the ship and made her "held" to one side, "yet by God's mercie we had no harm."

On the northern side of Whales Bay stands the mountain headland called Cape Mitre, which Hudson named Collins Cape, "by the name of our boat-swaine, who first saw it"; on its southern side were noticed "three or four small islands or rocks," and these may still be seen near Coal Harbour. "At the mouth of the bay we had sounding thirtie fathoms, and after, six and twentie fathoms; but being further in, we had no ground at an hundred fathoms, and therefore judged it rather a sound than a bay." Sir Martin Conway has given his testimony "that King's Bay agrees with the bay described in all particulars. The sounding at its mouth is 27 fathoms, whilst within there are 250 fathoms." So emphatic a word of confirmation from the pen of an explorer as distinguished as Sir Martin, comes as a relief to the vexed historian who is employed in trying to reconcile conflicting opinions as to the exact course taken by a vessel through mist and fog more than three hundred years ago!

While in this bay, Hudson allowed John Colman, his mate, and William Collins, his boatswain, and two others of the crew, to go on shore, but no sooner had they

left than a gale of wind from the north-east sprang up, bringing with it a fog, so that Hudson had to sail the "Hopewell" to and fro, "waiting for their coming." The men were not away much more than half an hour, yet in that time were able to find a pair of walrus teeth, a dozen or more deer horns, some whalebone, and a stone of the country. They also drank water out of a stream, which they declared to be of an excellent quality. They felt the want of a better ship's boat for the exploration of the intricate inlets of the bay. They came upon a flock of wild geese and the "footings" of several animals; these probably were of "savage beares and hungry foxes which are not only the civilest, but also the onely inhabitants of that comfortlesse country."

That afternoon they left the bay and continued to sail north. By the morning of the 15th they had brought Collins Cape "to beare off us south east." They now followed that part of the coast known to sailors as "The Seven Icebergs," where may be seen "the precipitous sea-faces of the glaciers with their beautiful greenish blue colour." It was into a glacial crevice in this very vicinity that Fotherby, not many years afterwards, records having thrown pieces of ice "which in their falling made a noise on each side, much like a piece of glass throwen down the well of Dover Castle." Pleyce describes the shore here as being "a very high mountaynous land, like ragged rocks with snow betweene them."

On July 16th they sailed as far as Amsterdam Island, naming its northernmost cape "Hakluyt's Headland," after the great and good Archdeacon of Westminster, who had still at that date nine more years to spend at the laborious and self-imposed task by which he conferred so immeasurable a benefit upon England. This excellent clergyman, whose life passion led him to grow "familiarly acquainted with the chief Captaines at sea, the greatest merchants, and the

best Marriners of our nation," had, at one time, been the Rector of Wetheringsett, in Suffolk, that blithe nursery of remarkable priests. Hakluyt! Hacklewit! As long as free, crested, cormorant-traversed waves break upon the homely beaches of England, so long will this name be cherished, alike by the innocent and the learned! Well may we whose imaginations have been stirred by the record of England's seafaring traditions subscribe to Drayton's poetic apostrophe!

> Thy Voyages attend
> Industrious Hackluit;
> Whose reading shall inflame
> Men to seek fame,
> And much commend
> To after times thy wit.

William Barents had rounded this highest point of the western coast, and had explored some distance stretching eastward. The account of Hudson's movements, as given by Pleyce, is extremely confusing. "We saw more land joyning to the same, trending north in our sight, by meanes of the clearnesse of the weather, stretching farre in 82 degrees and by the bowing and shewing of the skie much further." Had they reached a position from where, away on the horizon, they could see the Seven Islands, or were they deceived, perhaps, by the ice-blink taking the form of land "by the bowing and shewing of the skie," or did they really, as Sir Martin Conway suggests, "add on longitude to latitude"? We cannot tell. Now was the moment, if ever, for Hudson to test his plan of sailing straight across the Pole to China. He himself tells us that he hoped to have "a free sea." Alas, he saw only "an abundance of ice compassing us about by the north and joyning to the land." There was nothing for it but to sail south again, with the possible idea of rounding the southern end of Spitsbergen and trying for the northern

passage by way of its eastern coast. They purposed to keep in sight of land, and, if contrary winds were encountered, to seek harbour "and to trie what we could finde to the charge of our voyage," words which probably refer either to hunting walruses and seals or to searching for minerals. Some authorities have thought it possible that Hudson had sailed under John Davis, and if this was really the case, he may very well have learnt from that captain to defray the cost of an exploring voyage in this indirect manner, for Davis in his second expedition to the north had returned with a profitable cargo of salted cod.

For the next four days they proceeded southward, and by July 20th they had reached Bell Sound. By their observation they were 77° 26′, the actual mouth of Bell Sound being 77° and 40′. They noticed the mountains divided by valleys on the northern side of the bay and mistook them for islands. They observed also Mount Starashchin to the south of the entrance to Ice Sound, some twenty miles to the north. Its projections looked to them like "heapes of corne."

One of the especial delights of reading these old mariner journals is in the selection of the incidents their writers saw fit to record—matters of the gravest geographical importance being often juxtaposed with what happened to be of chiefest interest under the hatches during any particular day. Here, for example, John Pleyce suddenly interpolates that one of the company "killed a red-billed bird."

They were in sight of land on July 23rd and on July 25th, and then they sailed away westward, apparently with the idea of returning to England by the north of Greenland through "Davis his streights," an intention proving that Hudson was still far from comprehending the true conformation of that land. During those last days of July they encountered some fierce storms, and at

one time were in danger of being driven upon a portion of that great ice barrier, "Glacies ab Hudsono detecta anu 1607," as it is marked on the Hondius map, which he had come up against earlier in his voyage. There was an extremely thick fog at the time, and the sea was very "loftie." Suddenly they heard "a great rutte," and realized that they were being driven in its direction. Immediately they lowered their boat and tried to warp the ship away from the evil growling sound caused by the swell as it beat up against the hollow margins of the ice, that same curious sea-muttering welcome enough on more than one occasion to Arctic explorers dragging their sledded canoes behind them towards the edge of the limitless pack-ice. The sailors' efforts would have availed them little, "had it not pleased God to give us a small gale at north-west and by West, a wind we had not found common in our voyage. God give us thankfull hearts for so great deliverance."

By July 29th they were once more back near the southern end of Spitsbergen. "Wee saw an island bearing off us north-west from us 5 leagues." This island was probably the Lammas Island marked on the Hondius map. Sir Martin Conway takes it to have been the mountain of Rotchesfell off the mouth of Horn Sound, and not the Dun Islands. The island was named on Lammas eve, on the eve, that is, of the old feast day of "Loaf-mass," which in mediaeval England took its place as one of the four quarter-days, the other three being Martinmas, Candlemas, and Whitsun.

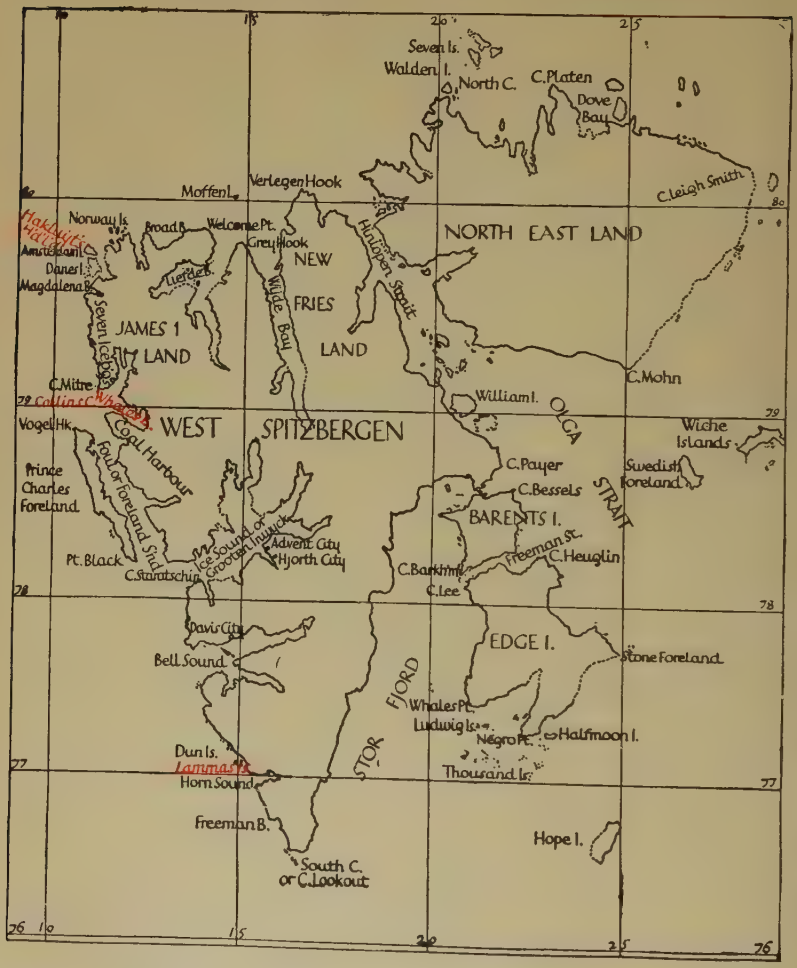
They now passed down the coast of Spitsbergen, which for ten miles south of Horn Sound is distinguished by low hills and large flats. It was described by the explorers as being "the likeliest land that wee had seene on all parts of Newland, being playne riggie land of a meane height and not ragged, as all the rest was that wee had seene this voyage, nor covered with snow." It

was the last glimpse Hudson was ever to have of Spitsbergen.

They then sailed for England. On the morning of August 1st, at four o'clock, they sighted Bear Island, of Barents' discovery. Perhaps it was the glimpse they got of Mount Misery rising out of the summer sea to so brave a height that caused them to write of it as being "a very ragged land on the water side, rising like hay-cockes." The English in those days used to call the island "Cherry Island." There is something irritating about Stephen Bennet's rediscovering it seven years after William Barents, and trying to substitute for the simple nomenclature of the Dutchmen the surname of that "thirty pound knight," one of whose chief distinctions was to have eaten a sturgeon out of the River Ob! At this period the most savage walrus massacres yearly took place there, the heavens above the island echoing with strange brute cries.

After leaving Bear Island, Hudson seems to have taken a somewhat westerly course, and because of thus "ranging homewards" accidentally discovered Jan Mayen Island, to which he gave the name of Hudson's Tutches. This island was rediscovered continually, but eventually preserved the name of Jan Jacobsz May, a Dutch captain. On August 15th they put into the Faroe Islands, and a month later arrived at Tilbury in the Thames.

SPITSBERGEN OR SVALBARD (NEWLAND).



This map illustrates Hudson's first voyage to Spitsbergen. The red lettering denotes names used by Hudson.

CHAPTER VII

AN INDUSTRY INAUGURATED

ROM the point of view of the Muscovy Company, Hudson's first voyage cannot have seemed very successful. He had not satisfied expectations. He had not sailed across the Pole, he had not fulfilled his promise of reaching those far-off ports where little yellow men "with their hair tied in a single knot on their heads" undid corded bales by the water fronts of a perfumed sea. Instead, here he was back in London, before ever the mulberry leaves in the Temple courts had begun to take on their autumn tints.

Hudson, however, had convinced himself that whatever might be the configuration of the Greenland shore beyond his land of Hold-with-Hope, there was no practicable route that way. He had, in fact, eliminated from further speculation a very considerable area of that tantalizing northern circumference. Also, from the reports that he gave of the number of whales he had seen off Spitsbergen, he encouraged the merchants to extend their activities northward beyond Bear Island.

It must be remembered that at this date the whaling industry was still in its infancy. English mariners did not know how to set about killing these superb creatures, and had to hire Basques to instruct them in the use of the harpoon, fishermen who had for generations been scanning the horizons of the Bay of Biscay for the silvery spoutings of these far-voyaging mammals, who with

enormous mouths agape sifted the ocean for their watery victuals.

Hudson's few words were enough. A war of destruction was opened against these creatures on a scale that would have seemed incredible to mediaeval minds. In Hudson's own day the solitary inlets of Spitsbergen became overcrowded with ships jealously emulating each other in the activities of a trade that offered such high profits. So prosperous, indeed, did this business become that a large town, "Smeerenburg," Blubber-town, grew up near Hakluyt's Headland, where the Dutch established a site for boiling down whale oil in copper cauldrons.

One chronicler writes: "Bakers went there also to bake bread. In the morning when the hot rolls and white bread were drawn from the oven, a horn was blown, so that some enjoyment was to be had at Smeerenburg."

The number of whales frequenting those waters was past all credence. On every side their gibbous backs protruded above the surface of the ice-blue sea. One captain records that "the whales lay so thicke about the ship that some ran against our cables. . . . One lay under our beake head and slept there a long while. At which time our carpenter had hung a stage close by the water, whereon his tooles lay. And wee durst not molest the said whale for feare she should have overthrowne the stage and drowned all the tools. In the end she went away, and carried the ship's head round, her taile being foul of the cable."

And so the terrible decimation began, a decimation that has continued up to the present day. The blubber was at first used for making soap, an especially good soap, with the help of which the laces and ruffs, the stomachers and elaborate headgears of the seventeenth century were washed white as hoar-frost. The history of the whaling industry would form a curious chapter.

Whenever the flax harvests of Europe failed, the price of whale oil rose to astonishing figures, men having made the fortunate discovery that this vegetable product could be replaced by the layers of fat enfolding the vast skeletons of these living animals, whose vertebrae were large as mill stones. Their oil, as an important source of glycerine, was used during the late war in the manufacture of explosives, and so these harmless monsters had perforce to contribute their life's blood to the appalling contrivances invented by their enemies to their own damnation.

Driven from their ancient haunts they learned to frequent only the remotest sections of the watery surface of our planet, but even in these hidden retreats they have been pursued. Scott and Shackleton reported whales off the high ice barrier that runs from South Victoria Land to King Edward VII Land. Immediately ships with deadly modern appliances set sail for this sanctuary, and more meat and bones were speedily made to serve as manure for the rice fields in Japan, "only the blood escapes, and flows down the flencing-stage in sheets of steaming red, to stain the tide." It can hardly be doubted that, in spite of Government regulations, this extraordinary creature will soon become extinct. Today over ten thousand whales are killed each year by the Norwegians alone.

The spectacle of nature at work "in her fury" is indeed something to contemplate! These animals, who long years ago assumed a fish-like form, so that they might enjoy an aquatic existence with undisturbed composure—how could they have believed it, if some prophetic spirit of destiny had whispered into their tiny ears "without conches," to inform them that the small ship moving through the fog was the harbinger of such appalling frightfulness?

Age after age had passed by, and year after year they

had sailed to the north and sailed to the south. With passionate attention, during each circumspect progress, the females nourished their young with white milk drawn from teats placed far back in their slippery abdomens. With wide-open mouths they dived through the bulging ocean, drinking " the brit," till their crustacean nutriment lay stranded upon the wide levels of their enormous tongues. Their huge bulk and the solitary spaces of their selected element seemed to insure for them a large measure of security. In dumb obedience to the law of their being, they discharged the simple service of their lives. With the waves of the sea lapping against their gleaming flanks, what had they to fear? Above their rounded backs, above the watery circumambient desert in which they lived, cold unaffrighted stars each night rose to their changeless stations.

But the explorer's word to the merchants was sufficient. The records preserved of the early days of the industry are full of a curious interest. " The whale," writes one captain, " is a Fish or Sea-beast of a huge bignesse . . . her tayle of tough solid substance which we use for blocks to chop her blubber on." Her movements, we are told, are very formal ; but " when she is lanced the blood entering her head, she blows the water and blood as high as the tops of the masts out of the nostrils she has in her head . . . then she friskes and strikes with her tayle. . . . We prick her to death."

John Pleyce, who probably supplemented his journal from Hudson's log-book, tries to suggest that all the land north of Vogel Hook was discovered by the " Hopewell " for the first time. Gerrit de Veer's journal and the map derived from Barents' card obviously invalidate this claim. During the disputes over the rights to the Spitsbergen fisheries, which took place in the decade immediately succeeding Hudson's voyage, the English tried, perhaps

at the suggestion of Samuel Daniel, the poet, to make themselves and others believe that Spitsbergen was in reality nothing else than the long lost Willoughby's Land, which, had it been true, would have strengthened their right to these waters of discord on the score of prior discovery. As it was, King James, in 1613, issued "a Patent under the broad seal of England to forbid all strangers and others, but the Muscovia Companie to use the coast," a document which was duly presented to the Dutch. However, it merely provoked these interlopers to give out "many uncivil speeches against the Kings Majestie, not esteeming his Commission; alleging that there was good law in Flanders for what they did," and after they had completed a successful season to sail home "like grim lions." And the Dutch were not the only poachers. Like hungry birds of prey, ships arrived from every direction, from Hull, from France; and from Spain even, brought thither by an English renegade sailor called Nicholas Woodcocke; and there were other "lewd and bad people" besides.

From those years, until 1920, when a treaty awarded its sovereignty to Norway, Spitsbergen was a No-Man's-Land. After the first "whale rush" had denuded its waters of these fish, it was not much frequented. Russian trappers, however, used regularly to visit the country, hunting game on the mountains where even in summer there was no grass "save only such as grows upon the moores and heathie grounds in the North parts of England, which we call Heath, or Ling."

At the beginning of the present century, an effort was made to work coal mines in the country, and today no less than two hundred and fifty thousand tons of coal are shipped every year to Norway from Svalbard, or "cold coast," as the Norwegians have renamed Spitsbergen.

Hudson's Tutches, or Jan Mayen Island, also played a considerable part in the days of this Arctic scramble.

It is a mountainous island, some sixty miles long by four broad, and was called by the Hull fishermen "Trinity Island," and by the French the "Ile de Richelieu." The Dutch frequented it for the purpose of killing walrus, and in 1635 seven Dutch seamen wintered there. However, when the Zeeland fleet arrived for the fishing season, in June of the following year, they found "the burghers of Jan Mayen Island" all dead. An eighth presence had been with them, none other than "Herod's daughter," as the superstitious Russian trappers of Spitsbergen used to call the scurvy or terrible *mal de la terre*. After this untoward experiment, the cliffs of rusty red, with dirty snow upon them, were left to the fulmars and kittiwakes. Today the high slope of Mount Beerenberg, "with its enormous base," remains as it was when Hudson discovered it, aloof and unvisited.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SECOND SAILING

HE failure of Hudson's first voyage did not discourage the Muscovy Company from employing him the following year on a second attempt to find the desired North-East Passage.

His plan was now either to discover an open way between Spitsbergen and Novaya Zemlya, or, failing this, to look for a strait that would give him entrance to the Kara Sea, somewhere through the main body of Novaya Zemlya.

He again sailed in the "Hopewell," but on this occasion she was fitted with a better ship's boat. Her crew was made up of the following men : Henry Hudson, captain ; Robert Juet, mate ; John Cooke, boatswain ; Arnold Lodlo ; Philip Staffe, carpenter ; John Barnes ; John Braunch, cook ; John Adrey, James Skrutton, Michael Perse, Thomas Hilles, Richard Tomson, Robert Raynar, John Hudson, and Humfrey Gilby. It will be noticed that Hudson's crew had been increased by four men, and, if we except his son John, included only two mariners who had sailed with him on his first voyage, James Skrutton (Strutton) and John Cooke.

The new mate, Robert Juet, who had replaced Colman, has always been regarded by historians, and with good cause, as having had a sinister influence upon Hudson's fortunes. He was an elderly man, cynical, sceptical, and dangerous, who came from Limehouse. As will

appear later, Michael Perse and Arnold Lodlo were neither of them sailors to be relied upon ; but no such accusation could be brought against the new carpenter, Philip Staffe, who was an honest man from East Anglia. The account we have of this voyage is of especial value, since it is written by Hudson himself.

The " Hopewell " set sail from St. Katherine's dock on Friday, April 22nd, some weeks before Tom Coryat crossed the Channel to tour the Continent " on his horse with ten toes." In a month's time they were approaching the Lofoten Islands, on the west coast of Norway. There they encountered fog. It also grew cold, " searching cold," to use Hudson's own expression ; and some of the crew became sick, including Philip Staffe, the carpenter. By making use of every favourable wind, they slowly advanced northward, till they sighted North Cape. It was clear weather, and they passed several Norwegian fishing-boats. Hudson now ordered Philip Staffe, who had recovered from his illness, to construct a mast for the new ship's boat, while the rest of the crew made a sail for it.

On the morning of June 7th they took soundings, and had ground at 150 fathoms. At night they had no ground at 180 fathoms, " and this," remarks Hudson, " increased hope." Hope of what ? Hope of a deep, wide, warm channel, an imperial water-way to Cathay ! The following morning they came into " a blacke blue sea." Hudson himself always held the theory that this blue sea indicated the proximity of ice ; and sure enough, on the morrow they saw some, " being the first we saw in the voyage." Determined to get through it if he could, Hudson still held to his northerly course, but by four in the afternoon they were in danger of being " embayed " and had to return as best they might " with a few rubbes of our ship against the ice." By eight o'clock they were once more free. They now encountered rough weather,

and it was not till June 15th that the sea was "asswaged."

On the morning of this day, one of the seamen who happened to be on deck saw a mermaid. He immediately shouted to the rest of the men who were below, and another seaman came up and also saw her. The names of these two sailors were Robert Raynar and Thomas Hilles. "She came close to the ship, looking earnestly on the men." But as the two looked down over the side of the vessel with wonder at her, she was turned over by a wave and disappeared from sight.

It is by no means the only record that we have of such appearances. During the sixth century a mermaid was caught at Bangor, on the shore of Belfast Lough, and was baptized and even admitted into some old calendars as a saint, "under the name of Murgen." In the early part of the fifteenth century "a wyld woman" was washed through a breach of a dyke in the Netherlands, and was found by some milkmaids slapping her tail in the mud-stained grass, unable to get back to the water. They took her to Haarlem, where she is reported to have lived for several years, and learned to spin with her webbed fingers, and was wont "to adore the cross." This was put on record by John Gerbrandus, a Carmelite monk, in 1504. Also, at the same date, a merman was seen by some fishermen off the coast of Denmark. "He rose close to their boat, blew up his cheeks, made a kind of lowing noise and dived." Another "sea-wyf," as the Dutch characteristically called them, was caught near Borneo, and lived for nearly a week in a large vat. "From time to time she uttered little cries like those of a mouse. She would not eat, though she was offered small fish, shells, crabs, lobsters, etc. After her death some excrement was discovered in the vat like the secretion of a cat."

Henry Hudson was obviously extremely interested in what the two men had seen, and most carefully records

in his log-book the exact appearance of this girl-fish, whose home was so far removed from glistening beaches and banks of bright seaweed. The two men saw her for only a few minutes, floating on the surface of a hundred and eighty fathoms of cold sea water, but they had time to form a clear idea of her figure. "From the navill upward, her backe and breasts were like a woman's . . . her body as big as one of us ; her skin very white ; and long haire hanging downe behinde, of colour blacke : in her going downe thy saw her tayle, which was like the tayle of a porpesse, and speckled like a macrell."

Till June 18th they continued sailing to the north as best they could. On that day, however, they fell in with the ice-pack, and, after following its margin for some distance, were afterwards compelled to sail in a south-eastward direction towards Novaya Zemlya, through a sea alive with innumerable gulls. Once they heard an unfamiliar and startling noise, which they took to be the roaring of polar bears.

In all stories of polar expeditions these bears play an important part. With their long necks and small heads, with hair growing at the bottom of their feet to prevent them from slipping on the ice, with a coat white as milk except in the case of very old animals, when it takes on a yellow hue, these formidable creatures manage to sustain life in the peculiar territory they inhabit, whose only escarpments are icebergs, and whose only earth is snow. In those seas porpoises often carry upon their backs their claw-marks ; sometimes, however, these bears kill a walrus, sometimes a seal, sometimes a white fox ; in an hour of extremity they will even eat lichen and seaweed, and then get them away to some sheltered crevice, to sleep the profound sleep of an animal who fears no enemy. Little do they wot of forests with sheltering tree trunks and delicate articulate leaves. A long crepuscular winter, amid the blanched shadows of moonlit ice, to be

eplaced by the glittering light of a summer sun that ever sinks, such is the cosmos they know.

Hudson was now approaching the coast of Novaya Zemlya. Just as the route between Greenland and Spitsbergen had been blocked by ice the year before, so now was the open sea between Spitsbergen and Novaya Zemlya. He was faced by two alternatives: either to sail to the south and try to pass through one or other of the two straits to the north and south of Vaigach Island, or to discover a new channel leading through the body of Novaya Zemlya into the Kara Sea.

The failure of Pet and Jackman, and also of the Dutch, to gain any practical advantage by entering the Kara Sea through the Vaigach passages, led him to adopt the second plan, which was rendered all the more feasible from the fact that in the chart drawn by Barents the presence of just such an inlet was suggested. By entering the Kara Sea further to the north, might it not happen, in accordance with his theory of a warm polar ocean, that he would evade the obstructions that had thwarted his predecessors? As a matter of fact, the opening for which he was looking does actually exist in the form of the narrow strait, Matochkin Shar, but much further north from South Goose Cape, which Hudson sighted on June 26th.

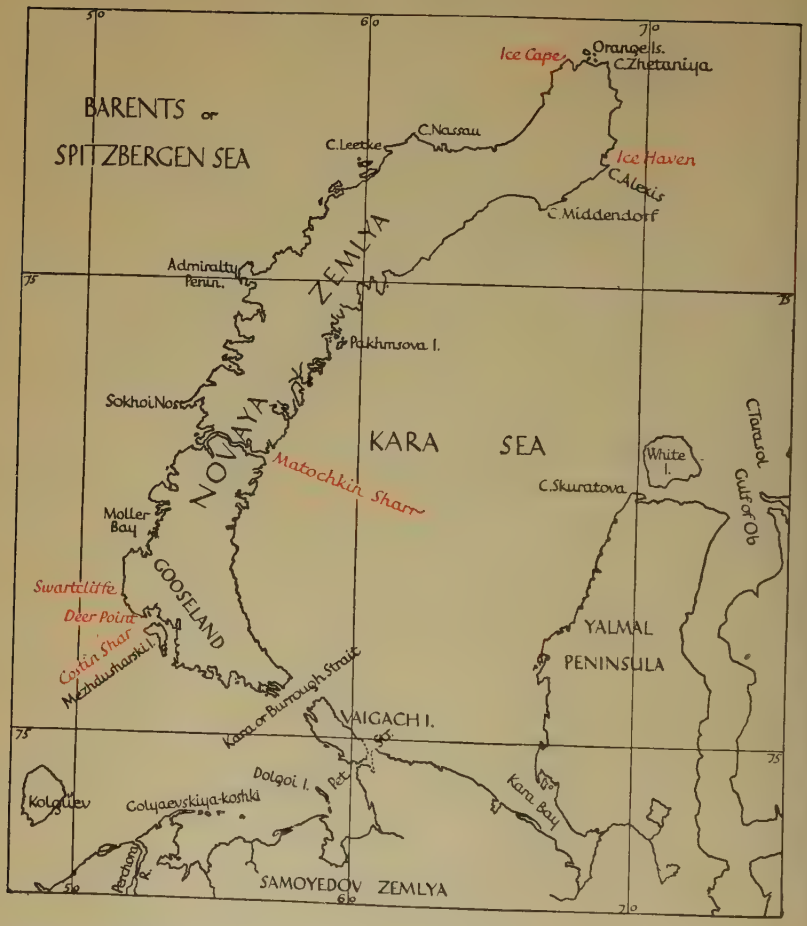
CHAPTER IX

NOVAYA ZEMLYA

HE next day, Hudson sent Juet and John Cooke and four other men on shore to fill casks with fresh water. They found that the land was by no means as barren as they had expected. The sun was hot, and on every side the snow was rapidly melting. Down the slopes of each hill ran streams filled with that particular grey cloudy water which, whether seen on Mount Kenya, or on the high lawns of the Engadine, or in the Rocky Mountains, always owes its origin to dissolving snow. Along the shore, and at the foot of each glen, fresh grass was everywhere coming up, forcing its way through the old last year's grass, pressed down under its cold covering. In the soft mud where the land was boggy, they were able to examine the spoors of various animals. They noticed the flat "footings" of several bears, the sharp indents of deer's feet, and the small dog-like pad-marks of foxes. They also picked up and carried back to Hudson some deer's dung, together with some horns and whalebone. As they were rowing to the ship, several walruses appeared, swimming about near the "Hopewell."

Hudson now sent another batch of men on shore under Arnold Lodlo. He directed them to make their way to a certain part of the coast which looked from the ship to be a likely place for the walruses to land upon. They did not find any walruses there, but only a wooden cross,

NOVAYA ZEMLYA.



This map illustrates Hudson's second voyage to Novaya Zemlya. The red lettering denotes names used by Barents and Hudson.

similar to those that had been seen by Barents. Dr. Asher considered that these crosses had been set up by no Christian fingers. "It is a well-known fact," he wrote, "that the cross is not only an object of veneration among Christians, but it is also worshipped by some heathen, quite independently of all Christian influence."

If the cross was put into place by the Samoyeds who live in the desolate tundras between the White Sea and the River Ob, he is probably perfectly right; for these semi-demi Mongols of Siberia, in those days, knew little enough of Christian dogma and doctrine, as is proven by the following record of their religious observances. "The Priest beats a drum with a stick covered with the skin of a harte. . . . Then he singeth as wee use heare in England to hallow, whope, or showte at houndes, and the rest of the company answere him with this, 'Owtes, igha, igha, ihja.'" Also, the ethics of these people were little concerned with that personal chastity held in such high esteem by St. Paul, "their wives they buy for Deere, and will have, if they have abilitie foure or five Wives, with whom he lyeth by turn every night several." Their neighbours, the Russians, regarded them with the greatest contempt, as being little better than outcast scavengers! When a Russian fisherman killed a seal, he would cast away the parts of the flesh he did not want "to the Fowles of the Sea; except some poor Samoied came that way, who taketh it, though it have lyen putrifying two or three dayes and dryeth it, and maketh good cheere with it with his Familie."

Lodlo and his party brought back to the ship two pieces of this cross, which, as a matter of fact, may very well have been raised by Russian hunters who used to come there "to hunt Ducks, Geese, and Swannes, which most yeeres they get in abundance, and make good profit of their Feathers and Downe." I like to think it was so. I like to think that these pieces of wood, abandoned

in that northern desolation, had been adjusted into this particular shape by no accident, but rather by men dimly cognizant that by their action they were leaving a symbol, a token, of that incident in human history that has had so mysterious an influence on the wavering and uncertain souls of mortals. I like to think that this cruciform timber had been laid together by a people who carried in their minds a living memory of that procession which fifteen centuries before had wound its way, past olive trees drooping and sorrowful, to a certain green hill, far enough removed from the hoarse aquatic echo of a seal's bark.

Besides pieces from this "true cross," the sailors brought back to the ship moss, and flowers, and other green things. The flowers were probably a kind of buttercup which grows in great profusion on Goose Land in the summer. The next day still another party went on shore, and carried back to the ship a supply of fresh eggs and twenty-four birds; for they had come to a land where wild-fowl of every kind are plentiful, a land visited by geese and duck and every species of gull, a land where even the peregrine falcon has been seen, that haughty bird which I have often observed from the high headlands of Dorset dart through the air upon its quarry with the appalling precision of a deadly javelin cast by the hand of God.

On June 29th they manœuvred the "Hopewell," by rowing and sailing, round the promontory towards which the walruses seemed always to swim. The sea was smooth, and by two o'clock that afternoon they came to anchor near an island in the mouth of a river. They found that a strong current was setting out to sea, and twice that night their ship drifted from her moorings. The next morning they rowed her and towed her into a better position under the island. From there they could see great masses of ice being driven past them by the

current, which was very strong. Indeed, by twelve o'clock at night (the sun being always above the horizon) the ice had been carried so far out to sea, that even from the crow's-nest it was lost to sight. They were at the mouth of the bay they called Costin Shar, and the outflowing movement of the water caused Hudson to believe that he was now opposite the strait for which he was looking, " that narrow gulf (Matochkin Shar) with only a streak of sky visible between the frowning masses."

Not far from the island was a rock, upon which some twenty walruses were sleeping. It seemed a tempting opportunity to kill these animals, the value of whose bodies was being each year more and more appreciated by the Muscovy Company. The indolent disposition and clumsy gait of these harmless pinnipeds left them completely at the mercy of the bold agents of the London merchants. These gentlemen had not been slow to realize that walrus tusks could be converted, with small inconvenience, into good saleable ivory, their hides into good saleable harness leather, and the fat of their bodies into good saleable lamp oil. What misgivings could they feel ? Surely those great tusks were created to be used for a better purpose than to rake for molluscs ! Here in these cold regions there lived an animal as large as a bullock, and almost as valuable, which was entirely incapable of defending itself.

The early walrus hunters wondered at the ease with which " these cattle " allowed themselves to be killed, and, indeed, never ceased from marvelling at their habits and at the extraordinary goblin-like lineaments of their outlandish physiognomies. " It seemed very strange to us to see such a multitude of Monsters of the sea lye like hogges upon heapes," writes Jonas Poole, and adds, " when all our powder and shot was spent, wee would blów their eyes out with a little Pease shot, and then come on the blind side of them, and with our Carpenters axe

cleave their heads. . . . Because their teeth grow downward, their strokes are of small force or danger." The same seaman records that he and his men had killed as many as a thousand in seven hours, by means of herding them toward the land, so that presently the bodies of those killed formed a barricade which prevented the living from reaching the sea ; and then he says significantly, " we plyed our businesse." Can we be altogether blamed for the lack of sympathy we feel on learning that this particular seaman was in the year 1611 " miserably and basely murdered between Radcliffe and London " ?

Truly, the discovery of the Arctic regions, of which we English are so justly proud, brought nothing but dread disaster to these friendly fin-footed carnivores, who for thousands upon thousands of years had existed undisturbed, now lying quiescent for hours on their favourite frozen ledges, now employing their time in digging for " gapers " at the bottom of the sea. Only one instinct was strong enough to rouse them out of their accustomed torpor. In the springtime they would gather on the land, and for a fortnight, neglectful of food and drink, abandon themselves to that emotion before which " all creation trembles and faints." At this season, when mate calls to mate, their sea-troll cries will carry for miles over the echoing ice.

In order to make as sure as possible of the walruses on the rock, Hudson sent the whole of his crew after them, leaving only himself and his son to mind the ship ; but even so they managed to kill but one of the animals, the others escaping because of the nearness of the water. Before returning to the ship, the men explored the island under the lee of which the " Hopewell " was sheltering. It had steep sides and a flat top, and was three hundred and twenty yards long by one hundred and sixty yards broad, or, as Hudson wrote, still making use of the more ancient method of measuring

distance reminiscent of an age fast vanishing, " two flight-shot (long-bow shot) over in length and one in breadth." They returned to the ship with the tusked head, and a large bird they had killed and some more eggs.

The next day Hudson sent out the boat again, under the command of Juet, to locate, if possible, another place where the walrus came on shore, and also to row to the bottom of the bay, in order to investigate the sound out of which a current came strong enough to sweep past the ship to the northward even against the tide. Juet, on his return, declared that the mouth of the sound was wide and deep, and the water that came from it was salt and had all the appearance of flowing from the Kara Sea. Hudson thereupon decided to sail the " Hopewell " further in. At six o'clock the next morning, however, they had to contend with great blocks of ice that came driving upon their ship, very " fearful to look on," and the whole of the day was employed by the men in fending it off from the sides of their vessel with beams and spars.

On July 4th they set sail, entered the mouth of the sound, crossed a reef, and found themselves in a wide space of water, with the same strong current flowing out of it. Hudson and his crew now felt confident that this passage would lead them to the east coast. Then the wind changed, and it became impossible to sail the ship further. Juet therefore was again sent out in the boat, with five men. They were furnished with food and weapons, and were instructed, if the stream seemed navigable, to row on until such time as they were convinced that it was actually " trending eastward."

The next morning the wind had veered to the west, and it seemed as if the " Hopewell " would be able to follow her pilot boat, but before they had time to get their sails up, it changed to the north again. At noon Juet returned with the news that the opening had grown

shallower and shallower as the boat advanced, so shallow, in fact, that in the end they had not had more than four feet of water under their keel.

They now made use of the north wind to sail out of Costin Shar Bay, " with sorrow that our labour was in vaine : for, had the sound held as it did make shew of, for breadth, depth, safenesse of harbour, and good anchor ground, it might have yeelded an excellent passage to a more easterly sea."

That evening they came to anchor at the mouth of the opening under a cliff they had named " Deer-Point." There Hudson sent Lodlo and some others on shore to try if they could come up with any walrus. They saw none, but returned on board at ten o'clock with nearly a hundred " wellocks," or black guillemots. That night it was stormy out at sea, so they remained anchored. The next morning " a stormie and shifting west wind " was still blowing, but by nine o'clock in the evening it had veered again to the north, and they " set sayle and stood to the westward, being out of hope to find a passage by the north-east."

Hudson at this juncture might well have tried one or other of the Vaigach straits. We know that it had been in his mind " to passe by the mouth of the River Ob, and to double that way the North Cape of Tartaria." By the north cape of Tartaria, Hudson meant Cape Tabin of the Hondius map, for the existence of which Pliny was the only authority. It was thought that when this promontory was once passed, the land would fall away rapidly to the south, an illusion that was brought home to Baron Nordenskiöld, who, in 1878, after he had rounded Cape Chelyuskin, had to spend more than a year in the icy seas above Siberia before finally achieving what for centuries had been the ambition of so many navigators.

Hudson for a time concentrated his attention upon

the impossible task of rediscovering the far-famed Willoughby's Land. He sailed westward, now across a sea that was "loftie," now moving over a "rustling tide." By midday of July 11th they came into "a greene sea of the colour of the mayne ocean," such as had not been viewed since the day the cook fell sick in the beginning of the voyage and they had first been "impestered" by ice.

The next morning they saw more porpoises than at any other time during the whole voyage. The existence of these creatures is an enviable one. To follow whiting with an easy rotary motion from sea to sea! I have often watched them, coasting round the gleaming chalk bastion of the White Nose, and have envied them their placid immunity from jarring distress, now only visible as brown shadows under water, now displaying a curved and shining body as they sail on and on through the sea of our childish fancy, flecked, and crested, and deep, and white, and blue. Three of these creatures, so it is said, were once enclosed by a fence in the Frome at Wareham, and uttered the most distressing cries by day and by night, their dolorous voices sounding across the Dorset water-meadows like the calling of lapwings, so bitterly did they lament the fate that deprived them of their sweet freedom.

By July 17th the "Hopewell" was off Vardö, a place that ever plays an important part in these Arctic expeditions, being the first European land to be raised by ships coming from the north. It is an island where cattle are given fish for their fodder. By July 27th they were off the Lofoten Islands, and found it necessary to place a light in their binnacle.

It is possible that Hudson, discontented with the lack of success that had attended his second voyage, had a little before this deliberately turned the vessel's head westward, with the intention of running into the "Furious

Overfall" of Captain Davis "for an hundred leagues." This opening on the north coast of Labrador, which since the publication of Davis' journal had always been referred to by these words, was, as a matter of fact, nothing else than the mouth of Hudson Strait. Davis had described it in the following manner: "We fell into a mighty race, where an island of ice was carried by the force of the current as fast as our barke could sail. We saw the sea falling down into a gulfe with a mighty overfal, and moving with divers circular motions like whirlepooles, in such sort as forcible streams passe thorow the arches of bridges." With his disappointment regarding the eastern passage still heavy upon him, we can well imagine how Hudson's passionate life-illusion might centre upon this hope in the west. John Davis himself had never been given an opportunity of exploring the promising opening, having been killed in the "Ormuz busines" in 1604, at a time when he had it in his mind to look for the passage "on the backside of America," where the coast faces Japan. The tide, or "Furious Overfall," rushes in and out of Hudson Strait with the greatest violence at the rate of six miles an hour. In the strait itself the water rises to the height of thirty, forty, and even sixty feet, while after traversing Hudson Bay, its rise on the western shore of that inland sea is still twelve feet.

But if Hudson did actually make an attempt to sail westward, his will was very soon over-ridden by his crew. On August 7th he writes: "I used all diligence to arrive at London, and therefore now I gave my companie a certificate under my hand, of my free and willing return, without persuasion or force of any one or more of them." Now this is a strange entry for a ship's captain to make, and the mere existence of such writing goes to prove that there had been trouble of some sort. It is, in fact, the first indication we have of the nature of the

foul outrage that was to be Hudson's undoing, the first carrier cloud, as it were, heralding the storm that was to bring forth in due season such black and ill-omened happenings.

They arrived safely at Gravesend on August 26th.

CHAPTER X

THE DUTCH SCENE

HE negative results of this second voyage of Henry Hudson seem, for the time being, at any rate, to have quenched the ardour of the London Merchants in their search for a northern passage to the Indies. The fact that explorers like Hudson, with their souls stirred by a lust for discovery, could be held back by considerations of profit and loss, appeared to certain select and learned spirits of the age, who themselves shared this mania for securing for human beings an exact knowledge of the planet upon which they lived, a most outrageous anomaly.

Samuel Purchas, that admirable clergyman who rivalled the great Hakluyt in his indulgence of this peculiar passion, and who, as he confesses, had never been further than two hundred miles from Thaxted in Essex where he was born, wrote some brisk words upon this very subject, "That which I most grieve at . . .," he cries, "is the detention of further discovery of the Pole and beyond, . . . the desire of gain everywhere causing debate, and consequently losse of the best gaine both in Earth and Heaven. Merchants might get the world and give us the world better, if Charitie were their Needle; Grace their Compasse; Heaven their Haven, and if they would take the height by observing the Sunne of Righteousness in the Scripture-astrolabe, and sounding their depth by a Leading Faith, and not by a leadden bottomlesse Covetousnesse."

But it was not fated that the business prudence of these London speculators should hold back Henry Hudson from his dedicated vocation. In those days, "when the world was young," reports of daring nautical expeditions travelled far. There was scarcely a seaport in Europe that had not at one time or other received "authentic news" as to the discovery of the sought-for passage—news as to foreign ships having been seen with full-rigged bulging sails, placidly advancing through the still waters of the mythical Straits of Anian! Small wonder, therefore, that the enterprising and jealous directors of the Dutch East India Company, at Amsterdam, with a reward of two thousand five hundred florins still before the country as a prize for this very discovery, had been kept in touch with the activities of so intrepid a navigator as Hudson, a navigator who, so it was reported, had sailed further north than any mariner had done before him, had sailed, indeed, within less than ten degrees of the Pole itself.

These men now sent for Hudson to come to Amsterdam, Emanuel van Meteren, their wise old Dutch Consul in London, probably acting as intermediary. They wished to consult with him, they said, and learn his opinion with regard to the prospects of any future action in these northern seas. Hudson reached Amsterdam some time toward the end of the year 1608. It is interesting to note that in the interval he had had an opportunity of attending a family ceremony, nothing less than the christening of a grand-daughter, Alice, which took place at the church of St. Mary Aldermary, on September 18th, 1608. The child was the daughter of his eldest son, Oliver, and sixteen years later she was to be married at the same church to a certain Francis Bagle, "a peticot-maker" of Watling Street.

The better to understand the various influences that

led to the discovery of the Hudson River, it is necessary to remind ourselves, in a rapid survey, of those events which, beyond all expectation, had raised Holland, an insignificant water-logged country, to the position of a formidable power amongst the nations.

Throughout the Middle Ages the Netherlands had prospered. The Flemish workers by their skill in weaving brocades and tapestries, and in the manufacture of broadcloth and linen and all manner of silk goods, had built up a very large industry, while the merchants of Flanders, by their enterprise and probity, had directed toward "this kernel of Europe" all the principal trade-streams of the Continent. The high road out of Venice, by which the coveted produce of the East was carried, led to Antwerp, as being the central mart for its distribution. Indeed, the cities of these lowlands, which had, only with the greatest difficulty, been secured from submersion by the waters of the North Sea, had taken upon themselves the attributes of so many ant-hills, drawing within their boundaries the substance of every surrounding area. By the simple programme of fearing God and honouring the King, it seemed that this country was destined to grow richer and richer.

Then many unexpected things happened. Waves of religious feeling, obstinate and dangerous, began suddenly to disturb the ease and deep repose of the country. At this critical juncture their royal sovereign, who, by marriage and inheritance had accumulated vast lands under his sceptre, suddenly took it into his head to abdicate and spend the rest of his life in supervising the pomp and pageantry to be provoked by the funeral-rites of his own death. Even in so strange a manner do the winds of eternity penetrate palace walls!

Charles V had been succeeded by his son, Philip II, a ruler who possessed a very different temperament. Philip was a perfect representative of the type of man

especially dangerous to human commonwealths. Convinced that he was acting as an infallible instrument in the hand of God, the correctness of his own personal conduct was only matched by the meticulous narrowness of his own vision of life. Penned up in his Spanish palace like the princely punctilio that he was, he endeavoured to compel the nations of Europe to conform to his own prejudices. The unhealthy riches that poured into his coffers from the New World postponed for many years the collapse of his preposterous plans, plans which, from the first, encountered in the Netherlands the grimmest opposition. For it chanced that a certain young nobleman of more ancient lineage than that of any Hapsburg, upon whose shoulder Charles V had leaned on the day of his abdication, suddenly appeared, to obstruct with "plain Heroic magnitude of mind" his tyrannous inventions. How dramatic is the spectacle of this monarch, with all the *finesse* of his bigoted deceit, being suddenly confronted by the simple honesty of so disinterested a leader of the people as William the Silent!

Year after year, in the name of religion, the bloody persecution continued, and year after year the military prowess of the Spaniards proved itself inadequate to the task of subduing the stubborn provinces. That grave burghers, rough sailors, and illiterate peasants, cultivators of bulbs and winter-roots, could, under the guidance of a single man, successfully challenge the power of Spain, set all Europe agape! Yet, even when that "odious heretic of heretics" had been assassinated in his quiet country house at Delft, there were found others to take his place.

Three hundred thousand citizens, however, fled out of Flanders. Of those that remained, countless numbers were killed, some hung upon gibbets, some burnt alive, and some cast headlong from the tall steeples that mediaeval piety had built to adorn the flat landscapes

of their homeland. In his painting of the Massacre of the Innocents, the elder Bruegel has perpetuated a scene common enough in those days. No township was secure, no village safe. Santiago ! Santiago ! España ! España ! à sangre ! à carne ! à fuego ! à sacco ! St. James ! St. James ! Spain ! Spain ! blood ! flesh ! fire ! sack ! ! yelled the terrible soldiery, when during " the Spanish fury " they rushed through the streets of Antwerp.

For it was Antwerp more than any other town that suffered. The mutinous Spanish veterans, the soldiery of France, the mercenaries of Germany, each in turn concentrated their fury upon the great and wealthy city ; and, like plump rats from a corn stack at threshing time, its merchants had scattered. In a single generation Antwerp fell from her high estate. With England holding Flushing as one of her cautionary towns the trade of the Schelde was paralysed. The city was ruined. Boats carrying cargoes to her were compelled to unload in Zeeland. Antwerp had fallen. " Paapen uit," " Out with the Papists ! " That cry, though it brought freedom to the seven rebellious northern provinces, reduced the obedient provinces to a state of abject misery. Wild beasts roamed at large over the countryside. On one occasion, travellers were actually attacked by wolves within two miles of the gates of Ghent. The contrast between the north and the south became plain to all. Overbury, the Englishman, declared after making a tour through Belgium, " It is a Province distressed with warre, . . . and to conclude the people here grow poor with less taxes than they flourish with on the States' side."

And then as it became more and more apparent, under the brave generalship of William the Silent, that man of peace, whose very skull had been indented by long wearing of the helmet of war, that the Northern Provinces

were in a fair way of holding their own, the refugee merchants began to reassemble at Amsterdam. Antwerp was supplanted, and this other city now took its place as the great centre of European commerce. It became a sanctuary of civilization. Here the printers plied their curious trade, here historians and philosophers and theologians congregated, here artists flourished, and here also the rich Belgian merchants, keeping themselves aloof from the native population, plotted for the day when every Spanish soldier would be driven out of their beloved home in the south. Perhaps the most sagacious of these men was William Usselincx, who realized from the first that the best means of effecting their purpose lay in crippling the enemies' overseas trade, and for this reason persuaded his compatriots to turn to the sea for their salvation.

And now, eleven years after the body of Philip II had been eaten by worms, Spain was negotiating a truce with the Netherlands as with "an independant power." For two years the diplomatic overtures continued, with little or no hope of result. All the important nations of Europe had sent to the Hague their representatives. These plenipotentiaries stood round in the council chambers like men who watched with an impatient interest the separation of a stately staghound and a deep-digging badger, who though eager enough to fly at each other's throats, were for the moment, out of sheer exhaustion, compelled to come to some sort of agreement. It was into the remarkable arena of this prolonged badger-baiting that Henry Hudson stepped.

One of the chief points of dispute in the negotiations had to do with the right claimed by the United Provinces to trade with the East Indies. Ever since Philip had been unwise enough to forbid ships from the Netherlands to carry on commerce with Spain and Portugal, the sailors of the northern provinces, the terrible Beggars of the

Sea, had viewed with covetous eyes the East India traffic by way of the Cape of Good Hope. For several years, however, the long and dangerous voyage round Africa deterred them from invading those unknown seas, and they confined their activities to waylaying treasure ships in the home waters of the Atlantic.

Now, in 1598, John Huygen van Linschoten, the very same gentleman of letters who had made so large a discourse about the first Dutch expedition into the Kara Sea, published a book containing every kind of detailed information with regard to the East Indies and the Spice Islands. This man had lived for thirteen years in Bombay, and during the whole of that time had done nothing but accumulate facts in any way connected with this new and most astonishing commerce. The book appeared just after the Dutch had made their first tentative efforts to trade with the East, and the contents of its pages were eagerly assimilated by minds teased already with avaricious curiosity about these far-off places. Even today the volume makes interesting and instructive reading, and it will be well perhaps to indicate its quality by a few accidental quotations.

"China," he writes, "contains divers faire Universities and Scholars where they studie Philosophy, and the lawes of the land, for that not any man in China is esteemed or accounted of, for his birth, family or riches, but only for learning and knowledge . . . being served and honoured with great solemnities, living in great pleasure and esteemed as Gods." An edifying passage enough for the Dutch, who, not many years later, were to cause their countryman, the wisest philosopher of his age, to resort to the shift of crawling into a box!

From another sentence it becomes apparent that even in those early times the Chinese were at no loss in finding a subtle solution for a certain importunate anxiety which from the beginning has weighed most heavily upon the

minds of men. " Their women," he writes, " esteeme it for a great beautifying to have small feet . . . which custom the men have brought up, to let them from much going, for that they are . . . immeasurably leacherous and unchaste." He presented his readers with a realistic description of every animal, bird, and plant. " Elephants are in many places of India, specially in the country of Aethiopia behind Mosambique among the blacke Caffares. . . . They are very fearfull of a rat or a mouse, and also of the Pismyres, because they fear they would creepe into their snouts." He notes the advantages and disadvantages of taking opium. " It maketh a man to hold his seede long before he sheddeth it, which the Indian women much desire . . . although such as eat much thereof, are in time altogether unable to company with women and are wholly dried up . . . whereof it is not so much used by the Nobilitie." There was more in the book which, though perhaps not of such universal interest, was pertinent enough to navigators eager to hear authentic reports of the unknown Malay Archipelago.

The first attempt at the new adventuring had been made by Cornelius Houtman, sent out by the *Bewindhebbers* or managers of the new ships, namely, Dirk van Os, Hassalaer, and Jan Poppe, who, together with six others, had associated themselves into a company called the Company of Foreign Parts. This expedition had successfully established a Dutch fort at Amboyna.

Immediately upon its return, with large profits for its promoters, the " Spice Island rush " began. But it was soon found that while some ships came home heavily laden with precious goods, others were less fortunate, being either captured by the enemy or forced to return empty, vessels from their own country having gathered in the rich harvest before them.

It seemed to the States-General, under the advice of

the wise John van Olden-Barneveldt, who represented the interests of the municipal dignitaries in this burgher revolution, that these spirited ventures could be rendered more damaging to Spain if they were better organized. In the year 1602, therefore, the Dutch East India Company was formed, for the purpose of combining the resources of the various independent merchants into a single corporate body. By this means there sprang up overnight, as it were, a most powerful national weapon, under the direct patronage of the Republicans.

The charter granted by the States-General to this company gave them the power to make and unmake treaties with the native princes, to build factories and fortresses, and to declare peace and war in the name of the Government. The company was enormously wealthy, far wealthier than the corresponding company founded in England at about the same time. Its fleet was made up of forty large ships, innumerable small ships, six hundred cannon and five thousand sailors. Its capital amounted to no less than £550,000.

Now for one reason or another the creation of this huge monopoly was exceedingly unpopular with certain private merchants, especially, perhaps, with the refugees from the south, who were always disposed to be jealous of the power of their hosts, the Hollanders. These men regretted the freedom of action they had enjoyed during the earlier years, and resented an arrangement that pooled the spoils of their enterprise.

One of the most powerful of these malcontents was Balthasar de Moucheron, the celebrated merchant king, who had fled from Antwerp "for his religion's sake," and now lived at Veere, in the vicinity of Middelburg. This man, because of his vast maritime interests, was given a place as one of the directors of the new company, though he seems never to have acknowledged the honour or to have taken advantage of the privilege it bestowed.

Second in importance to de Moucheron amongst these disaffected adventurers was, perhaps, Isaac Le Maire, a wealthy refugee trafficker full of subtlety and resource who had also been allowed an honorary place on the board.

The charter with which the Company had been provided gave them a monopoly of trading with the East, either by the Cape of Good Hope or by the Strait of Magellan. It contained, however—and this point was quickly noted by Isaac Le Maire and his friends—no specific provision with regard to the discovery of any new route. It was, indeed, just this dainty omission that had caused the Company to send for Captain Henry Hudson. If there was going to be a new passage discovered, they wished the discovery to be made by some one in their own employ and not by envious friends, who might well, if such a short-cut was really found to exist, begin seriously to threaten their monopoly, and even perhaps (who could tell?) procure from the States-General a second charter, with special trading privileges by the new-found way.

CHAPTER XI

TENTATIVE OVERTURES

IT is no easy matter to unravel the conflicting diplomatic aims entertained by the various important personages who, upon Hudson's arrival at Amsterdam, had, for a period of nearly two years, been assembled together in the ancient banqueting-hall at the Hague, a banqueting-hall decorated with captured Spanish standards, for the purpose of patching up a truce between Spain and the United Provinces.

John van Olden-Barneveldt, the great patriot statesman of the Dutch, who a few years later was to be requited for his labours after so evil a fashion, had his heart set upon obtaining a truce with honour, that is to say, with full recognition of the United Provinces as a sovereign and independent state, and with a full acknowledgment of their right to trade in the East Indies. The shrewd old man, however, was by no means sanguine about the ultimate result of the negotiations, and is reported as having said that he thought "rather to see the lambkins now frisking so innocently about the Commonwealth transform themselves into lions and wolves." Prince Maurice, with reluctance, gave his suspicious support to the peace, and his restless attitude was shared by the Dutch merchants, who dreaded lest the truce would bring with it the departure of the rich refugees and a consequent revival of the prosperity of Antwerp. Philip III, the pathetic tool of his greedy prime minister,

held out on three points : (1) That the United Provinces should relinquish their claim to trade with the East Indies. (2) That they should permit the open exercise of the rites of the Catholic religion within their borders. (3) That they should formally acknowledge their subjection to Spain. Albert and Isabella, the resident rulers, wished for a truce at all costs, because their credit had been ruined by Philip II cancelling his debts in 1597, and they had no means with which to continue the war. James I of England, represented by Richard Spencer and Ralph Winwood, secretly desired that the Dutch should be prevented from trading in the East, and in many other ways hoped and expected to get profit to himself out of the opposed interests of the parties concerned. In the end, this most learned fool, with a scholar's inaptitude for business, lived to become the laughing-stock of Europe, in that he surrendered to Barneveldt the English cautionary towns for the paltry sum of £250,000 ; to Barneveldt, from whom they had been mortgaged by the old thrifty Queen, after a sound scolding, for his war " that had lasted already much longer than the siege of Troy did."

The statesman most directly concerned with our history was President Pierre Jeannin. This aged politician, whose protestations were so invariably benevolent, was in reality occupied, like a sober raven amongst starlings, in picking up for his sovereign every unconsidered trifle that might come his way. His master, Henry IV, cherished a secret ambition that in the general confusion he might before long be recognized as the ruler of this upstart country, and failing this, that he would, with the suppression of the Dutch trade with the East, be himself in a position to engage in those lucrative ventures.

Negotiations, however, had hardly opened, when the news came of the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Gibraltar by Jacob van Heemskerk. This great Dutch

sailor, the very same who had called out to Barents, asking him how he did, when in open boats they had rounded the northernmost Cape of Novaya Zemlya, had, with the utmost gallantry, sailed into the harbour of Gibraltar, and inflicted upon Spain the greatest naval disaster she had suffered since the destruction of the Armada. We can scarcely wonder that the Dutch inscribed upon his monument, near the central pillar of the Oude Kirk, in Amsterdam, the words, "The man who ever steered his way through ice or iron." His victory altered the complexion of affairs at the Hague very considerably. "You must show your teeth to the Spaniard if you wish for a quiet life," laughed Henry of Navarre to Francis Aerssens, the Dutch representative in Paris. The United Provinces were now in a much stronger position for driving a good bargain, and during the time of Hudson's arrival negotiations were slowly drawing towards a truce very much in their favour.

Evidently Hudson, in his first interview with the Directors of the Dutch East India Company, remembered how his plausible theory of sailing right across the Pole had impressed his former English employers, and he forthwith repeated to these foreign merchants all his old arguments about the climate growing warmer, the nearer he had sailed to the Pole, a fact proved by his having seen herbivorous animals in the extreme north. It so happened that another pilot had, at this same time, been affirming that if a ship steered boldly for the open sea it would find a free passage, "the greater depth of water and the agitation of the waves preventing the formation of ice," so that Hudson's corresponding theory, coming from one who had so recently returned from two expeditions in the Arctic Ocean, carried augmented weight. Yet the memory of Barents' voyage was still fresh in their minds, and yielding to pressure from the Chambers of Zeeland, they eventually fobbed Hudson off with a

vague promise of employment in the following year, giving as an excuse that it was impossible for the eight directors of Amsterdam to commit themselves without consultation with the rest of the Council of Seventeen, whose meeting at Middelburg was not to take place till March 25th, at which time it would be too late in the year to make the necessary arrangements for an Arctic expedition. They therefore dismissed him, giving him, however, a slight recompense for his trouble.

Hudson was no ordinary sea captain looking for work ; but, as was the case with Barents, with John Davis, and afterwards with William Baffin, the finding of a passage to the East had become for him an intellectual obsession. For this reason he not only had spent his time trying to interest the merchant financiers in his schemes, but had also passed many hours with learned cartographers and geographical students, thumbing maps and poring over old tattered marine manuscripts. Now the greatest of all these industrious investigators of the hidden places of the earth was Peter Plancius. That remarkable divine, who has been called the Hakluyt of Holland, was himself a refugee from the Obedient Provinces, having escaped over the border in the disguise of a soldier, a class of persons who, truth to say, were in those times as plentiful in the Netherlands as are apples in October. Ever since his arrival in Holland, two matters had occupied his attention, the discovery of a northern passage to the Indies, and the refutation of the doctrines of that great man, the son of a common cutler, Jacobus Arminius, the founder of the Remonstrant Church, who, in direct contradiction of that "Saint Calvin of Geneva," was inclined in the field of theology "to limit the range of the unconditional decrees of God."

It is clear that Dominie Plancius, the tutor of these two most noble pupils, Barents and Heemskerk, detested nothing so much, both in the physical and the metaphysical

world, as vague outlines. Their mutual interests drew Hudson and Peter Plancius into a close intimacy, into so close an intimacy that Hudson confided into the ears of the discreet pastor certain secret conclusions that he had not deemed prudent to reveal at the more formal hearing of the merchants. For there is evidence that Hudson, in spite of the plausible arguments he had offered to the Directors in its favour, was in reality "out of heart" with the North-East Passage, and had now, as he hinted in the journal of his second voyage, set his hopes upon the north-west. Perhaps because he knew he had been summoned to Amsterdam on the strength of his knowledge of the north-east route, Hudson had not dared to reveal his real opinion to anybody except Plancius, whose scientific enthusiasm gave him the necessary confidence. He even went so far as to trace out a map, the better to illustrate to the learned clergyman certain indications upon the north coast of America on which he based his hopes. This rough draft was kept for many years by Plancius, and indisputably proves that Hudson had other plans in his head than those divulged to the Company.

We have seen how Henry IV of France had been jealously watching the success that had come to the Dutch from their invasion of the East Indies. His own colonial adventures in Canada had brought him little or no money, and his royal avarice had been piqued by the rumours of the enormous dividends that had poured into the money chests of his thrifty neighbours. He was exceedingly eager to put his thumb into this same rich pie, but in order to send ships to these unknown seas and to open up communications with these unknown native potentates, he recognized the necessity of having expert guidance from some one or other who was thoroughly acquainted with the "tricks of the trade." Isaac Le Maire was suggested to him as being the very person he wanted,

and he lost no time in getting in touch with this wealthy merchant through his ambassador, Pierre Jeannin.

Le Maire declared himself willing to give the royal speculator all the assistance that was in his power, but at the same time expressed himself strongly in favour of postponing the organization of a French company until it could be seen how the truce negotiations would develop with regard to the Dutch trade with the Indies. If it was forbidden by the treaty, it would be easy, so he asserted, to form a company in France, made up of members of the old Dutch corporation. The tactful Jeannin also favoured a delay for diplomatic reasons.

As one of the freelance merchants, Le Maire watched the negotiations between Hudson and the representatives of the hated Company with the greatest interest ; and as soon as he knew that his friend, the English captain, had been dismissed, he got into communication with Jeannin through the medium of his brother, Jacob Le Maire. " Because the East India Company feared above everything to be forestalled in their design," his interviews with Hudson were kept as secret as possible. He suggested to Hudson that he should now seek employment with the King of France, and, at the same time, pointed out to Jeannin that if the English sailor could discover a short passage by way of the north, it would be of the utmost advantage to Henry. " The whole voyage, both out and home, can be finished in six months without approaching any of the harbours or fortresses of the King of Spain ; whilst by the road round the Cape of Good Hope, which is now in common use, one generally requires three years and one is besides exposed to meet and fight the Portuguese." He also explained to the French minister that a sum of four thousand crowns would be required to fit out a ship for the discovery.

Hudson seems to have expressed himself as quite willing to serve under the French flag ; and this fact was

duly communicated to Jeannin. Like the wise man that he was, Jeannin immediately got in touch with Plancius, who happened just then to be at the Hague, and without letting him know anything about the plan that was developing, received from him confirmation of Hudson's assurances " that there must be in the northern parts a passage corresponding to the one found by Magellan near the South Pole." He then wrote to the King, recommending the scheme : " Even though nothing should come of the plan, it will always be a laudable thing, and the regret will not be great, since so little will be risked." However, before this letter left for France, the situation had taken another turn. The fact that Hudson had been holding secret meetings with the influential merchant had somehow become known to the Amsterdam Directors ; and these men, fearing lest through their hesitation the Company would find itself over-reached, forthwith recalled Hudson, and, out of hand, signed a contract with him, a contract which they hoped would be, in due course, ratified by the Chambers of Delft, Rotterdam, Hoorn, and Enckhuysen.

CHAPTER XII

THE DUTCH CONTRACT

E can hardly doubt that this drastic step was taken at the advice of Dirk van Os, that far-seeing man who had been one of the organizers of the first Dutch expedition to the East Indies, and who was responsible later for draining the lakes of Holland and converting them into arable land. It was he, with his brother *Bewindhebber*, J. Poppe, who signed the contract on behalf of the Company.

A copy of this contract, which was to have such momentous results in the annals of discovery, was found half a century or more ago by Henry C. Murphy. It runs as follows :

CONTRACT WITH HENRY HUDSON

" On this eighth of January in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and nine, the Directors of the East India Company of the Chamber of Amsterdam of the ten years reckoning of the one part, and Mr. Henry Hudson, Englishman, assisted by Jodocus Hondius, of the other part, have agreed in manner following, to wit : That the said directors shall in the first place equip a small vessel or yacht of about thirty lasts burden, with which, well provided with men, provisions and other necessaries, the above named Hudson shall about the first of April, sail, in order to search for a passage by the North, around by the North side of Nova Zembla, and shall continue thus along that parallel until he shall be able to sail Southward to the latitude of sixty degrees. He shall

obtain as much knowledge of the lands as can be done without any considerable loss of time, and if it is possible return immediately in order to make a faithful report and relation of his voyage to the Directors, and to deliver over his journals, log-books and charts, together with an account of everything whatsoever which shall happen to him during the voyage without keeping anything back; for which said voyage the Directors shall pay to the said Hudson, as well for his outfit for the said voyage, as for the support of his wife and children, the sum of eight hundred guilders; and, in case (which God prevent) he do not come back or arrive hereabouts within a year, the Directors shall further pay to his wife two hundred guilders in cash; and thereupon they shall not be further liable to him or his heirs, unless he shall either afterwards or within the year arrive and have found the passage good and suitable for the Company to use; in which case the Directors will reward the before-named Hudson for his dangers, trouble and knowledge in their discretion, with which the before-mentioned Hudson is content. And in case the Directors think proper to prosecute and continue the same voyage, it is stipulated and agreed with the before-named Hudson, that he shall make his residence in this country with his wife and children, and shall enter into the employment of no one other than the Company, and this at the discretion of the Directors, who also promise to make him satisfied and content for such further service in all justice and equity. All without fraud or evil intent. In witness of the truth, two contracts are made hereof of the same tenor and are subscribed by both parties and also by Jodocus Hondius, as interpreter and witness. Dated as above, (*signed*) Dirk Van Os, J. Poppe, Henry Hudson, (*lower down signed*) Jodocus Hondius, witness."

The contract is interesting for several reasons. It contains the first allusion we have to Hudson's family, which consisted, as we know, of his wife Katherine and her three sons, Oliver (already married and the father of Alice), John (his father's companion on his voyages), and Richard. The smallness of the remuneration offered to Hudson is remarkable. It equalled about £65 for himself and £16 for his wife in the case of

his never returning. It will be noticed that Hudson's name is written in plain English, Henry Hudson, so that the American affectation of alluding to him as Hendrik can hardly be justified. Also the fact that Hudson found it necessary to have Jodocus Hondius at his side as a translator proves that his acquaintance with the language of his employers was slight, and this is borne out by his own written statement on the back of the treatise by Iver Boty saying that he had had that paper translated for him from Dutch into English. It was in all probability at this time that Hudson gave Jodocus Hondius those geographical details relating to his recent Arctic explorations which the careful engraver duly entered upon his map of those regions, published by him in his edition of *Potanus' History of Amsterdam*.

That Hudson should have been on such friendly terms with Hondius again goes to prove that he possessed a personality capable of appealing to men very different from the rough mariners with whom he had to do in the ordinary course of his life. This Jodocus Hondius was a man of no mean parts. He had executed certain bronze statues for Alexander Farnese, the Duke of Parma; and had at one period visited England, where he engraved pictures of Cavendish and Drake, a service which he may possibly have performed for Hudson. It was at this time, also, that Hudson received a communication from another distinguished acquaintance, no less a person, in fact, than Captain John Smith. This spirited adventurer sent letters and maps to him suggesting that a passage might be found somewhere to the north of the Colony of Virginia. Captain John Smith was essentially a man of action, one of those competent individuals whom one comes across in every position of life, and who, wherever they are met with, fill the hearts of men with confidence. After having suffered many perils by land and water, after having killed in single

combat three Turkish champions, after having introduced a system of signalling for the Archduke of Austria, after having been enslaved in Constantinople, this gentleman-of-fortune had become associated, in 1607, with the foundation of the new colony at Jamestown. And it is probable that, without the help of his aggressive sagacity, this hazardous venture would have come to a sorry end. It was he who negotiated with the Indians through the help of the "matchless Pocahontas," winning his personal freedom with the gift of a grindstone; it was he who put sentinels on Hogs' Island; it was he who planted grain in its season, and who made surveys of the surrounding country of such extraordinary accuracy that they were used as evidence in a border dispute between the states of Maryland and Virginia as late as 1873. It was doubtless in his exploration of Chesapeake Bay that he had heard rumours from the Red Indians of vast waters to the westward, rumours which perhaps referred to the existence of Lake Erie, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, and Lake Superior, and which, together with certain suggestions derived from the planisphere that Dr. Michael Lok had made for Sir Philip Sidney, seemed to indicate that further to the north of the colony, somewhere under the latitude of 40°, the Pacific Ocean and the Atlantic Ocean might be divided by only a thin strip of land, which, very possibly, was penetrated by some sort of sound or channel.

This enticing fancy probably owed its origin to Verazzano, who, during his famous voyage, had landed on Accomac Peninsula and "stared at the Pacific" from some sea-bank that overlooked Chesapeake Bay! The more accurate maps of the time were based on Ribeiro's chart, which itself was derived from the more careful observations of Verazzano's rival, Estevan Gomez. We find the false fancy constantly recurring. A Venetian cosmographer, in 1542, actually laid down on his globe a narrow strait, leading to the West, in the latitude of the

Hudson River, while the thinness of the continent mars the accuracy of Witfleet's map published in 1603.

Captain Smith had evidently been influenced by those fallacious notions that appeared to be so curiously confirmed by the reports of his Indians, and he had found time to communicate to his friend Hudson certain maps and papers which seemed to give support to his theory. The receipt of this package increased Hudson's eagerness to try his luck in the West. Unfortunately, however, the Directors were determined that he should sail once more in search of the eastern route. Even Plancius, who still clung to his old theory of rounding the northern end of Novaya Zemlya, gave him small encouragement with regard to his new hope, assuring him "upon the relation of a person who had explored the Western part of that country that it was continuous land." Yet so dispassionate "an investigator of new matters" was the worthy clergyman, that, in spite of his own personal opinion, and in spite of the fact that he knew Hudson's employers had given him strict instructions to sail by way of Novaya Zemlya and by no other way, he yet, of his own free will, produced and lent to his friend, the English seaman, the journals of Captain George Weymouth, the man who had commanded the last expedition of consequence to the north-west, and who by his example, as Captain Foxe afterwards declared, "lighted Hudson into his straights."

The sailing instructions that were given to Hudson have been preserved for us through the medium of Van Dam, who acted as counsel for the East India Company for fifty-four years (1652-1706). In his manuscript history of the Corporation he wrote, "This Company in the year 1609 fitted out a yacht of about thirty lasts burthen and engaged a Mr. Henry Hudson, an Englishman, and a skilful pilot, as master thereof, with orders to search for the aforesaid passage by the North and North-

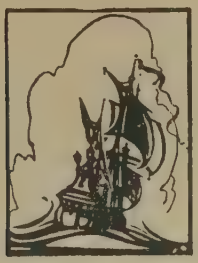
east above Novaya Zemlya, towards the lands or straits of Anian, and then to sail at least as far as the sixtieth degree of North latitude, when if the time permitted he was to return from the straits of Anian again to this country. And he was further ordered by his instructions, to think of discovering no other routes or passages, except the route around by the North and North-east above Novaya Zemlya ; with this additional provision, that if it could not be accomplished at that time, another route would be the subject of consideration for another voyage."

More even than the River Ob, the mythical Straits of Anian intrigued the imagination of explorers. Briggs, the mathematician who introduced the use of logarithms, actually goes so far as to describe them. " The straits of Anian," he writes, " where are seated the large kingdoms of Cebola and Quirira, have great and populous cities of civil people ; whose houses are said to bee five stories high, and to have within them pillars of Turquesses."

It would seem that the Directors already felt a certain uneasiness with regard to what Hudson might do when once he was away on the high seas. Apparently, when he was preparing to start, there was some dispute as to the amount of wages that were to be paid to the English sailors ; and we read in one of the Company's letters these words, " If he begins to rebel here under our eyes what will he do if he is away from us ? " Would he treat them in the same high-handed fashion that he had treated Dirck Gerritsz, their trusted ship's chandler and chief boatswain ?

The emphatic nature of their instructions does seem, however, to have had its effect upon Hudson, for until he had trouble with his crew, he appears to have made up his mind in good earnest to give the Novaya Zemlya route another trial. Yet even with this evidence of good-

will before us, we are fully justified in recording the fact that he set sail from the Texel with his cabin full of papers having to do with the Western Passage, and with his idea of coming to "an outlet sea through Lumley's Inlet from Davis' Straits."



CHAPTER XIII

THE THIRD SAILING

HE ship allotted to Hudson was small. It was built with a high forecastle and poop, and above water resembled in appearance the shallow-bottomed Vlie boats that were constructed for use in the Zuider Zee. It was named the "Half Moon," and sailed with a mixed crew of Dutch and English. We know the names of two English mariners who crossed the North Sea to accompany their old captain on this, his third, voyage of discovery. The one was Robert Juet, who had kept a journal (now lost) of the second voyage, and to whose journal of the third voyage we are indebted for most of what we know of the exploration of the Hudson River ; and the other, John Colman, Hudson's former mate, who on the first voyage had explored Whales Bay in Spitsbergen.

Few of the longshoremen who watched the small craft with its skipper, Heyndrik Hoitsen, sail out of the Ij, could have guessed that the ship was embarking upon an expedition pregnant with far greater historic interest than the discovery of any fabled straits to Cathay. The cold March water, disturbed by the keel of the "Half Moon," gave them no hint, the spring winds that whistled round the great warehouses and blew up against their bonnets dust dislodged from the merchandise gathered from every quarter of the known world, whispered no prophecy. The massed heaps of quarried

stone and the piles of Baltic timber deposited there on the shore of this stoneless and treeless land presented to their eyes an aspect altogether ordinary.

Five days after the departure of the "Half Moon" a truce of twelve years, "good, firm, loyal and inviolable," was signed between Spain and the United Netherlands; but even this momentous event weighs light, when balanced against an achievement wherein germinated the seeds that were to bring forth to magnificent birth one of the proudest cities that the perseverance and ingenuity of the human race have ever raised out of wood, stone, and iron.

Rubens was a young man of thirty-three, Rembrandt an unwitting baby, Teniers had not yet been born, when Hudson, obedient to his instructions, steered his way for the third time up the west coast of Norway. It took the "Half Moon" more than a month to arrive at the North Cape, which they sighted on May 5th. From that day till May 19th the only record of the voyage in existence is to be found in Van Meteren's history. The old Consul, whose special knowledge was perhaps derived from a conversation with Hudson himself, writes that a mutiny took place, originating in quarrels between the Dutch and the English. Some of the Dutch sailors had been used to employment in the East Indies, and the unwisdom of engaging such men in Arctic discovery had become a byword amongst the captains of that time. We can well imagine that the transition from the sultry heat surrounding the coasts of Tidore and Ternate to the searching cold of Goose Land, where the sails of the ship would grow stiff and frozen, and where it was often necessary to knock off blocks of ice before the ropes would run freely through the pulleys, would be likely to fill the hearts of these "soft" sailors with the profoundest discouragement. They apparently refused to sail a single league further in so inauspicious a direction.

It is evident that Hudson was not what is generally known as a strong man, was not, that is to say, a captain whose self-confidence was vigorous enough to dominate unruly spirits in the forecastle; and in this particular case his natural inclination toward peace and compromise received support from the fact that he himself had small hope of bringing his passionately desired project to a successful issue by following the course officially mapped out for him. Juet makes reference to this "black fortnight" in the following crafty manner. "After much trouble, with fogges sometimes, and more dangers of ice. The *nineteenth*, being Tuesday, was close stormie weather, with much wind and snow, and very cold: the wind variable between north north-west and north-east. We made our way west and by north till noone." "Then," he remarks, "we observed the sunne having a slake, and found our height to bee 70 degrees, 30 minutes."

The last sentence is interesting in that it contains the first written record of a sun-spot, a phenomenon that a year later was to provoke the attention of Thomas Harriot, Sir Walter Raleigh's man, the same person who invented algebra in its modern form, and who, from Ilfracombe, was the first astronomer to observe Halley's comet. This scientist, beside whom, so Christopher Marlowe declared, "Moses was but a juggler," was, during the spring of 1609, helping to make light the imprisonment of his heroic patron in the upper story of the Bloody Tower, by the subtle practice of alchemy and astronomy in the "still" house. He it was who derived a philosophic theology "wherein he cast off the Old Testament," and his insatiable curiosity was only quenched by a "slake" in his own nose, which took the form of an incurable cancer.

The fact that Robert Juet, from Limehouse, should make use of this North Country word "slake," as being

most apposite to what he had seen, is strange. The word means literally "an accumulation of mud or slime." It should be remembered also that the observation was made with the naked eye, as the curious practice devised by Sir Dudley Digges' grandfather, "of discovering by perspective glasses set at due angles all objects pretty far distant in the country round about," had only the year before been rendered practical by a pair of spectacle-makers in Middelburg, who first made it possible, by the invention of the telescope, for human beings to observe with any degree of clearness those chasms on the sun's body, often many times larger than the diameter of the earth.

From May 19th to May 25th they sailed back the way they had come. Probably no one on board anticipated a return to Amsterdam with eagerness. Such an untimely advent would mean humiliation to Hudson and a risk of punishment to the men. During the mutiny, Hudson had put before his crew two alternatives, either to sail in search of a passage between the Virginian Colony and the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, or to sail direct to Davis Strait in order to investigate the "Furious Overfall." The latter proposal seems to have been the one that first met with general approval, though, as it fell out, it was the former, and not the latter, which was eventually undertaken.

On May 25th, when they were off the Lofoten Islands, they encountered a storm, which drove their small ship scudding through the ocean westward. The sea was "so high and brake withall" that they were compelled to take in most of their sail. At four o'clock on the afternoon of May 28th they raised the Faroe Islands. The next day they reached the islands, but did not put in to any harbour, because they feared the rocks, whirlpools, and ebbing tides.

Hudson, as we have seen, had visited these islands

before. These seventeen "sheep islands," or "feather islands," are projections of that gigantic volcanic ridge which stretches between Iceland and Scotland. From the sea, so jagged and broken an appearance does their rock-bound coastline present, that it often takes the form of cloisters, as though it were protected from the black northern waves by a ruined and lofty masonry, like the shattered arches that remain standing today at Glastonbury. Sometimes these granite ramparts give place to cliffs so sheer that the fishermen launch their boats by means of ropes, themselves climbing down steps cut out in the face of the rock. In the time of Hudson, the chief industries of the islands were sheep-raising, fishing, and the slaughter of pregnant seals, which the men, with flaming torches in their hands, would pursue in the darkness of their tunnelled caves.

As soon as they came to anchor, on May 30th, Hudson sent his ship's boat into the harbour, and had the sailors fill all the water-casks with fresh water, an employment that occupied them until ten o'clock in the evening. On the next day, as the weather was fine and the sun shining, Hudson and most of his crew landed and went for a walk on the island. It was early summer, and the turf roofs of the houses must have been showing green—of the houses built so close together that men could not pass between them except in single file. It would have been interesting to have listened to the judgements of these Jacobean sailors on the manner of life of the cormorant-eating islanders they met, on the manner of life of this rude people, who spoke the ancient Norse tongue, and whose practice it was to pull the wool from their sheep's backs, to pluck the ears of their scant barley-crops by hand, and to winnow them under the feet of their dancing daughters. By noon they were on board again, and that afternoon, in good earnest, set sail Westward Ho!

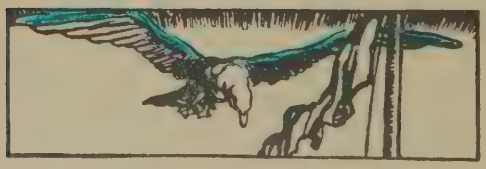
They now kept a sharp lookout for Busse Island, but

saw no sign of it. In fair weather they continued their voyage until June 15th, when they were overtaken by a tempest. Waves "whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend" beset their small ship ; and they lost their foremast overboard, and suffered other damage. Wild weather continued till June 19th, when they were able to do some repairs.

Theirs was not the only vessel that year that suffered from the mutinous winds of the Atlantic. The "Sea-Venture," carrying Sir George Somers to the new Colony in Virginia, was driven on to a reef off the Bermudas, "fast lodged and locked for further budging," so that he and his crew found themselves marooned on that island for several months. The palms, the coral strands, the pellucid grotto-pools of "the still-vex'd Bermoothes" impressed the imaginations of the shipwrecked crew in the strangest way. The miniature island-cluster, which even to this hour is rumoured to be afloat on the ocean, was full of unexplained noises, "Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire," was, in fact, bewitched ; and it was the tales of the experiences of Somers and his crew coming to the ears of the English poet, that evoked from his passionate fancy *The Tempest*, a play that itself contains all the depth and wonder and entranced beauty of a hollow sea-shell, of a far-fetched murex, making music for the ears of a listening God.

They continued to sail westward, and on June 25th they sighted a ship. Immediately, from noon to six o'clock, they gave chase to this unknown vessel, which was sailing in an easterly direction. It must be remembered, in connexion with this confession, that Hudson and his men had been brought up in an age when all that floated was regarded as possible booty. Whether Hudson, if he had overtaken the ship, intended to do more than merely "speak with her" must remain unknown.

At last they approached "the Banks" of Newfoundland. Their soundings brought up white sand and shells. On July 3rd, which was clear and sunny, they were amongst French fishing ships, which from the days of the Cabots had been accustomed to visit these coasts. On the night of July 5th, Juet took an observation of their position by the North Star and Antares, the fiery red appearance of the latter, as it consumes itself in the shocking gulf of space, making it conspicuous, and therefore useful for the purposes of navigators steering their way over the watery earth. On July 8th they anchored and spent some time fishing in these waters of Baccalaos, taking a hundred and eighteen cod in five hours and seeing large shoals of herring. The next day they fished again, but had not enough salt with them for preserving their catch. On July 12th they sighted land, "a low white sandie ground, right on head of us." Before they could approach it, however, to find an anchorage, they were enveloped in fog, in one of those dense fogs that in midsummer suddenly descend upon the coast of Maine, obliterating under a dim cloud hill and headland.

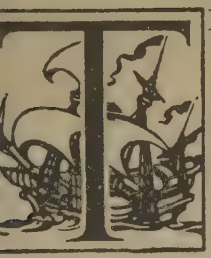


THE EAST COAST OF NORTH AMERICA.

This map illustrates Hudson's third voyage.

CHAPTER XIV

THE NEW WORLD



HE fog continued for two or three days. When at last it lifted, they found they were anchored close to five islands, probably somewhere near Penobscot Bay. On July 17th it was again misty ; but in spite of this, they were approached by two native canoes manned by six Red Indians, one of whom spoke a few words of French. These savages had evidently been treated well on former occasions, or they seemed to welcome the presence of the " Half Moon " in their waters. Hudson gave them food and drink, and presented them with trinkets that he had with him for trading purposes. In return they informed the sailors that there were gold, silver, and copper mines in the country. The next day they drew closer into the shore and anchored the " Half Moon " off the mouth of a river. Some of the men now disembarked, and set about cutting down a tree to replace the lost mast, and spent the day in preparing it, and in mending their sails. At that time a belt of huge pine trees grew down to the very surf.

On the afternoon of July 19th they again went on shore. They filled their water-casks and caught thirty-nine lobsters. The natives once more came on board, but their friendly overtures were met with mistrust by the European sailors. The following afternoon more natives appeared, this time in boats designed after the

French fashion. The day was bright and sunny. The natives tried to barter beaver skins and other furs "for redde gownes." Hudson had some of these garments on board, "red cassockes," as Juet calls them, remembering perhaps ecclesiastical vestments that he had seen worn by priests as a boy. The 21st and 22nd they spent on shore, making ready their mast; and on the 23rd they brought it on board and put it into place and "rigged" it.

On July 24th they again went fishing, and, besides several cod, brought back a halibut, or "holy butt," the largest of all the flat fish that used to be brought into mediaeval kitchens during the season of fasting. That evening the sailors noted where the Indians moored their shallops; and the next morning some of them went out early in their scute and stole one of them, and brought it back to the ship. Not satisfied with this truculent exploit, they returned again to the shore, with muskets "and two stone pieces or murderers," and drove the Red Indians from their houses, and "tooke spoyle of them." That Hudson, the friend of Plancius, the friend of Hondius, the friend of John Smith, and also possibly of the good Archdeacon of Westminster, should have consented to such an evil, is extraordinary, and can only confirm us in our belief that through some inherent weakness of character he was incapable of keeping his insubordinate crew under control. If this was not the case, we must with reluctance give our assent to the theory that, in spite of his noteworthy enthusiasm for discovery, he possessed a nature in its essence crass and brutal.

In connexion with this unfortunate incident, and with others that were soon to follow, we cannot prevent our minds from reverting to John Davis, and to his manner of treating natives, beguiling the simple hearts of the Eskimos of Greenland "with musicians from Sandridge,

in Devonshire," till they gambolled and ran races with the sturdy English yeomen "like children together."

The next day, at five o'clock in the morning, fearing reprisals, the "Half Moon" set sail towards the south, "where the sea, upon the north west part, may very probably come much nearer than some doe imagine." A week later they were off Cape Cod. Hudson at first was uncertain of his position, and named what appeared to him a newly discovered section of the coast "New Holland." However, he presently recognized his mistake. "And this is that headland which Captaine Bartholomew Gosnold discovered in the yeere 1602, and called Cape Cod, because of the store of cod-fish that hee found thereabout." In the evening of this day some of his men went on shore, and, as was the case with that other "promised land," these forerunners of the Plymouth fathers returned to their fellows carrying "goodly grapes." The next day was hot, and they came to anchor under a promontory.

It was there that they heard a mysterious noise, as though some "Christian" were calling to them. There is something perplexing about these unexplained sounds heard by travellers in remote and empty places. If the merchants crossing the great desert of Lop "were detained by their natural occasions until the caravans had passed a hill and were no longer in sight they unexpectedly heard themselves called by their names in a tone to which they were accustomed." Fridtjof Nansen, in our own time, records that as he was traversing the white ice-pack of the Polar Sea, he heard very distinctly, and not far off from where he stood, a noise "something like the sound made by a goat's horn when blown on."

Hudson sent out the ship's boat, but the men found no Christian, only Indians, who had, perhaps, been shouting to each other in the security of their green forests. Being ignorant of the manners of their visitors, these

wild men welcomed the sailors, and one of them allowed himself to be brought on board, where he was given food to eat and liquor to drink. Indeed, Hudson gave him as much as four glasses of liquor, so that when he was taken back to land " he leapt and danced." All this occurred possibly on the south side of Stage Harbour, in Massachusetts. The natives are described as possessing green tobacco, and pipes, the bowls of which were made of earth and the stems of " red copper."

They now continued sailing southward past the island of Nantucket, past Martha's Vineyard, at first with some care, owing to sand-banks, but afterwards with the open sea before them. They had small profit out of their stolen boat, which was being towed behind the " Half Moon " ; for one day " she came running up against our sterne, and split in all her stemme ; so we were faine to cut her away." By August 18th they were off the coast of Virginia and within reach of Jamestown, where Hudson's friend, John Smith, was struggling with the various difficulties that beset that early settlement, " where gold is more plentiful than copper is with us and where all their dripping-pans are pure gold." It would have seemed natural for Hudson to put into the river. Perhaps he was deterred from doing so by the fact that he was sailing under the Dutch flag. He did not sail far down the North Carolina shore, not as far, probably, as Cape Hatteras.

On August 19th they stood to the north again, purposing to inspect narrowly the whole line of coast down which they had come, on the chance of discovering the desired passage. On August 21st they encountered a storm, which did them some damage. Juet was also disturbed by the behaviour of the ship's cat, which " ranne crying from one side of the ship to the other." In those days every mood and movement of a cat was watched with interest—of these uncommitted grimalkins

which with their slit eyes, for food's sake, sit on our laps—for were they not almost certainly in league with the powers of darkness, highly favoured prick-eared minions of the devil ?

By August 26th they were off Charles Cape, named by Hudson, Dry Cape. Before them was Chesapeake Bay, "a white sandie shoare, and sheweth full of bayes and points." That evening Hudson sent a boat out to take soundings. On August 28th they reached Delaware Bay. To the north-east he descried land which he took to be an island, but which was Cape May. He sailed into this "south river" some distance. They soon realized that to explore it properly they would require a ship of less draught. Robert Juet twice climbed to the masthead in the hope of viewing a deep and open channel. Coming out of the bay, they continued to sail north, though their advance was seriously hampered by currents. In the small hours of the morning of September 2nd, they saw signs of a bush fire, but could not with clearness make out the coast along which they were sailing, "a drowned land with trees behind it," but when the summer sun rose, Harbour Hill, on Long Island, and Navesink, on the Jersey shore, became visible, and, a little later, the gleaming flats of Sandy Hook.

CHAPTER XV

NEW YORK HARBOUR

IT must be clearly understood that Henry Hudson was not the first European to discover the Hudson River. He was the first, however, to sail any distance up the river and to return with practical records of his achievement at a time when there were traders ready and eager to take advantage of his explorations.

The honour of first discovering the river must be given to Giovanni da Verazzano, a navigator in the service of the French King Francis I. This Italian entered New York harbour in 1524 as master of the "Dolphin," exactly eighty-five years before the arrival of the "Half Moon." In a letter that this man wrote to his "most serene and Christian Majesty," he describes his adventure in the following words: "After proceeding one hundred leagues, we found a very pleasant situation among some little steep hills (*infra piccoli colli eminenti*) through which a very large river, deep at its mouth, forced its way to the sea; from the sea to the estuary of the river, any ship heavily laden might pass, with the help of the tide, which rises eight feet. But as we were riding at anchor in a good berth, we would not venture up in our vessel, without a knowledge of the mouth; therefore we took the boat, and entering the river, we found the country on its banks well peopled, the inhabitants not differing much from the others, being

dressed out with the feathers of birds of various colours. They came towards us with evident delight, raising loud shouts of admiration, and showing us where we could most securely land with our boat. We passed up this river, about half a league, when we found it formed a most beautiful lake three leagues in circuit, upon which they were rowing thirty or more of their small boats, from one shore to the other, filled with multitudes who came to see us. All of a sudden, as is wont to happen to navigators, a violent contrary wind blew in from the sea, and forced us to return to our ship, greatly regretting to leave this region which seemed so commodious and delightful, and which we supposed must also contain great riches, as the hills showed many indications of minerals."

Sailing in the same year, hard behind the Italian, came a Spanish caravel, under the command of Estevan Gomez, a Portuguese captain in the Spanish service ; and it is probable that he also visited this " commodious region," naming it the river of St. Antonio. Both expeditions set out with the avowed purpose of finding a north-west passage.

That Verazzano was the first European to discover the Hudson River is not a fact patriotic Italians intend to have passed over lightly. When the present writer's interest was first engaged in the study of these nice historical matters, he remembered, or fancied that he remembered, having seen a statue erected to Verazzano's memory somewhere down on the Battery, in New York City. Immediately he wrote for confirmation of this, and received an answer from the one to whom his letter had been addressed: " Yes, that broad-shouldered monstrous torso, squashed on its legless trunk upon that square pedestal like a beggar on a board, *is* Verazzano."

But although these Italian and Portuguese captains visited New York Harbour before Hudson, and were

in their turn, in all probability, followed by other European adventurers seeking shelter in the auspicious bay, the appearance of the " Half Moon " may be taken, for all practical purposes, as the original starting point for that long record of conflicting events out of which New York, as we know her today, has sprung. The small ship that sailed so stubbornly past the site of the present Battery, and up the great river, was in actual fact the visible forerunner, like a bird with white wings seen by prophetic eyes, of a new and amazing epoch in the history of mankind, an epoch which would entail the fall and decline of a primitive and valiant race, and the rise into power of a new people, pragmatical and predacious, and possessed of an energy that has never been matched. The prow of the small Dutch boat divided the waters, and lo, in the twinkling of an eye, under the shadow of eternity, there sprang up, upon a waste land, a mass of accumulated matter, inordinate and positive ! Girder piled upon girder, pilaster upon pilaster, and each fitted together with so crafty a balance, that as turret and tower cast their dizzy reflections across the encircling waters, the very builders stood to wonder.

The first night, the " Half Moon " anchored somewhere outside the Narrows. To the north of her rose the cliffs of Long Island, to the south of her, the coast of New Jersey. " This is a very good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see," wrote Robert Juet, anticipating in simple language the judgement of a vast unborn posterity. The next day was misty, but by ten o'clock it cleared, and they weighed anchor and sailed close up to Staten Island. On September 4th, Hudson sent his ship's boat to the shore, probably opposite Gravesend on Coney Island. Several Indians came on board, being possibly some of those " swarthy " innocents who, ignorant of the deep-bellied future, had stood in solemn amazement, singing songs of welcome to these intruders

come to them out of the East "on the back of a strange fish or sea monster." Juet thought they seemed "glad of our coming," and with the greedy eye of a common footpad, noticed that they possessed "yellow copper."

The next day was again spent on shore by some of the crew. This time it seems they explored the woods of Monmouth County, on the mainland of New Jersey. Chiefly they admired the oaks, "of a height and thickness that are seldom beheld"; but they also looked with delight upon the graceful linden trees, and upon the blue plums, and red and white vines, that flourished in those ancient forests—at that time of the year bright with asters, with poison-ivy, and with Virginia creeper. Juet remained on the ship, but was rewarded, in his turn, by receiving some "whortleberries," or huckleberries, which he thought "sweet and good." How one would have liked to have seen the white hand, grown hard with the hauling of ropes, receive from the long-fingered brown hand that gift of blue berries! Some of his visitors wore the famous head-dress of feathers, others were covered with the skins of elk and fox. Juet again comments upon the copper they were wearing.

On September 6th, Hudson sent John Colman, with four other men, through the Narrows. As they rowed into New York Harbour, their nostrils inhaled "a sweet smell." It was one of those late summer days when the country about New York is at its best, when great velvet-winged monarch butterflies flutter from flower-head to flower-head, or with quivering contentment settle upon sultry, honey-scented milkweed blossoms, when each glen is red with stag-horn sumach and each slope yellow with tasselled golden-rod.

Different enough the scene must have appeared to the eyes of John Colman from that which he had looked upon in Whales Bay two years before, when he had found and brought on board the "Hopewell" "a payre of

morses teeth in the jaw," and when a grey fog had suddenly come down, obscuring from sight the bleak coastline and high glacial ledges of Spitsbergen. Alack! He was about to be enshrouded in an even darker night; for at the hour when the duck came down to feed on the wild celery, they were attacked by two canoes, and this unfortunate seaman was killed by an arrow, which pierced his throat. For no obvious reason, the Indians, after their first onslaught, seem to have drawn off, leaving the four sailors with their dead mate. Before they were able to regain the ship, " the merciless and pitchy night " had closed in on them; and, to make matters worse, it began to rain. They tried to anchor, but found themselves at the mercy of the tide that was too strong for their grapnel. Ignorant of the fact that Indians seldom fought in the dark, they spent the night aimlessly rowing to and fro, every moment anticipating a worse disaster.

The next morning was fine, and they were soon able to get their bearings; but it was already ten o'clock before they reached the " Half Moon " with the corpse of John Colman. Later in the day they buried him at Colman's Point, which seventeenth-century Dutch maps place near Sandy Hook.

If the crew of the " Half Moon " was mistrustful before, their suspicions now passed the bounds of all reason. They hauled up their boat and barricaded the sides of their ship with waste boarding, and kept the sharpest lookout. The next day they allowed some natives to come on deck; and, while they were bartering Indian corn for knives and beads, the sailors made conspicuous the boat in which they had been attacked, to see " if they would make any show of the death of our man." But the ruse was entirely unsuccessful. The copper-coloured physiognomies of the Red Indian chafferers remained unmoved. They were far more occupied in parting with their hereditary grain—of the

same variety that has been found in the ancient tombs of Peru—than in taking notice of the blood-stained boat !

The next day " two great canoes " came up to the " Half Moon." But because some of the natives carried bows and arrows, they were regarded with suspicion ; and perhaps in retaliation for the death of Colman, two of their number were prevented from leaving the ship. To satisfy the rough humour of the seamen, these savages, " with large black eyes and fixed expressions," were dressed up in red coats. The practice of kidnapping natives in those days was almost universal. Verazzano had done it, Gomez had done it. The Indians that Frobisher had brought back were the " cannibals " written about by Montaigne.

In contrast to the crude attitude towards " natives " that prevailed at this time, and, indeed, still prevails amongst the graceless, how reviving " to the spirits of just men " come the characteristic comments of the great Frenchman, whose magnanimous and emancipated personality can never receive from us sufficient honour. " I am sometimes troubled we were not sooner acquainted with these people, and that they were not discovered in those better times, when there were men much more able to judge of them than we are. I am sorry that Lycurgus and Plato had no knowledge of them ; . . . I should tell Plato that it is a nation wherein there is no manner of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no science of numbers, no name of magistrate or political superiority ; no use of service, riches or poverty ; no contracts, . . . the very words that signify lying, treachery, dissimulation, avarice, envy, detraction, pardon, never heard of. . . . They are savages at the same rate that we say fruits are wild, which nature produces of herself and by her own ordinary progress."

On September 11th the " Half Moon " herself came through the Narrows and sailed into New York

Harbour, sailed past Kioshk Island, or Gull Island, as the Indians, because of the number of sea birds that haunted its level beaches, used to call Ellis Island. The next day they were anchored somewhere near the Forty-Second Street Ferry.

How one's mind strains to envisage Manhattan as it was then in its virginal beauty! For unnumbered years it had remained, except for the slow progressions of Nature, unaltered. Each spring the tender green grass had sprouted freshly from the cold snow-soaked ground, and each summer the leaves of the forest had spread themselves out to give shelter to phœbe-bird and to scarlet tanager. But yesterday, but three hundred years ago, the boulders that protrude so sullenly out of the sloping levels of Central Park had felt upon their ridged and glittering surfaces nothing but the pressure of the brown feet "of a sensible and warlike people." Each morning the still glades that now surround "the Shakespeare Garden" had suffered no worse intrusion than from the shy presence of delicate listening deer. There was an Indian village, the village of Sappokanican, where today, in the Gansevoort Market, I have seen the country carts, at dawn, disburden their loads of cauliflowers and of yellow carrots.

Yet the wilful instincts that guided the lives of these sable-haired men, as they set out from their settlement to hunt, were identical with ours—as they set out to hunt in the reedy swamps that then existed near Washington Square, set out to catch furred, finned, and feathered creatures in mid-winter, treading with the sure footfalls of animals over the crisp surface of the frost-white lagoons. Whenever we pause for a moment to watch monstrous scoops, with clumsy maws, feeding upon the earth of the island, in preparation for a new building, what a palimpsest of history is opened before our eyes, had we the wit to see it! Below the graves of the white men,

below where the negro slaves of the old Dutch settlers were buried, on more than one occasion there have been revealed the doubled-up brittle bones, " with arms flexed and crossed and head thrown back," of an original inhabitant, who also, in no other fashion than we, had received upon him, in his day, the benediction of sun and of moon.

CHAPTER XVI

THE HUDSON RIVER

HE next day the "Half Moon" was anchored somewhere in that stretch of the river that is overlooked by Grant's Tomb. Four canoes came to the ship's side, with a "great store of very good oysters"; and these molluscs, looking the same, smelling the same, and tasting the same, as they do today, were handed to the sailors in exchange "for trifles." In the evening, at the turn of the tide, they went still further up the river, till, at the hour when the katydids begin their reiterated chorus, they had reached a position somewhere near Spuyten Duyvil.

On September 14th they sailed almost to West Point, passing the high escarpments, fifteen miles long, of the Palisades, passing those frowning bastions down which, during that magic prelude between the melting of the snows and the opening of the petal-like leaves of the dogwood, streams of water can be seen from the landing-stage of the Yonkers' Ferry, like threads of silver twine, white and stationary, against the flat rock-precipices over which they fall.

Often and often has the author of this book pushed his way through the forests that surround Sneyden's Landing—forests that even yet have hardly recovered from their ravishing under the axes of early lumbermen—till he has stood upon that high inaccessible level called the Eagle Rock, where, with mind and spirit liberated at

[1] See note at end of chapter.

last, he has contemplated in a state of exultant awe a prospect so noble in its proportions that it has even been able to sustain the too conspicuous oil-tanks of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, "painted green out of courtesy." There, from that giddy ledge, where the mountain-pinks first flower, the river may be seen, far below, stretching its majestic volume, argent against vert, down to the sea, down to where, like an insubstantial rack-built city, the gleaming towers of New York are just discernible, shivering and trembling uncertainly, twenty miles away, in the bright sunshine of a New World.

It is, indeed, sad to remember how in the past the banks of this sovereign river have suffered defilement and base disfigurement at the hands of ignorant men. So heedless has the United States been of the care of her gates, that she allowed one of the most striking features of the river, the bold projection called "Indian Head," under which, in Hudson's day, flew the heron, the pelican, and the osprey, to be removed and ground to pieces by a gravel-contractor!

On the "Half Moon" sailed—past Yonkers, past the spot where Jeremiah Dobbs was long afterwards to have his ferry, past the great Hook Mountain, which overlooks Nyack, with Tarrytown three miles away on the other side of the river, that Hook Mountain which came to be known as Verdrietig Hoek, or Tedious Hook, because the early Dutchmen, if they encountered contrary winds in Tappan Sea, or over against "the meadows" of Sneyden's Landing, had it before their eyes as a landmark for so long a time.

The two captured Indians escaped on September 15th. "This morning our two savages got out of a port and swam away. After wee were under sayle, they called to us in scorne." That night the "Half Moon" was off Kingston, with the Catskill Mountains well in view. On September 18th, Juet's journal has this entry: "In

the afternoon our master's mate went on land with an old savage, a governor of the country ; who carried him to his house. and made him good cheere." There is little doubt that Juet meant to write " our master and his mate," referring to the occasion when Hudson him self went on land, somewhere between Castleton and Hudson City.

A valuable fragmentary record of what occurred has been preserved for us by one of the Directors of the Dutch West India Company, John de Laet, in his *History of the New World.* De Laet extracted the passage from Hudson's own journal, now lost, which we know was at the time in his possession. The quotation is written in so agreeable a tone that it goes far to dispel any doubts we may have felt with regard to the charity of Hudson's personal nature.

" I sailed to the shore in one of their canoes, with an old man, who was the chief of a tribe, consisting of forty men and seventeen women ; these I saw there in a house well constructed of oak bark, and circular in shape, so that it had the appearance of being well built, with an arched roof. It contained a great quantity of maize or Indian corn, and beans of last year's growth, and there lay near the house for the purpose of drying, enough to load three ships, besides what was growing in the fields. On our coming into the house, two mats were spread out to sit upon, and immediately some food was spread served in well-made red wooden bowls ; two men were also despatched at once with bows and arrows in quest of game, who soon after brought in a pair of pigeons which they had shot. They likewise killed a fat dog, and skinned it in great haste with shells that they had got out of the water. They supposed that I would remain with them for the night, but I returned after a short time on board the ship. The land is the finest for cultivation that I ever in my life set foot upon, and it also abounds in trees

of every description. The natives are a very good people, for when they saw I would not remain, they supposed that I was afraid of their bows, and taking their arrows, they broke them in pieces, and threw them into the fire."

One likes to think of Hudson thus, indulgent, good-humoured, sitting on a bulrush mat, at ease in the simple habitation of these people, the memory of whom haunts our minds whenever we escape from the shrill importunity of modern American life into the wild woods. They have vanished, gone from the mountains, gone from the forests, but never can we see a solitary rock, moss-grown and secluded, under the wintry trees, but our imagination is touched with a whisper of their presence. I have scrambled through the underbrush of the Catskill Mountains, by ferny hollow and murmuring stream ; and as my feet pressed down the leaf-mould, over-muffled with creeping arbutus, I have been aware of them and their long past, brushing against my consciousness like an echo, like the wind in the pine needles. Here, by this forest river, came mothers labouring in travail to give birth to tiny cinnamon-coloured mortals. Here by this rocky ridge on the Montoma hillside, puissant men bent their bows, strung with the sinews of animals, against wolf and bear. Here, from this high lawn, artless uncommunicative boys, with the insupportable ardour of youth in their blood, watched the round shining sun rise over a landscape wide and free.

With knives formed deftly out of shells, with stone axes and stone-tipped arrows, these people performed, undistracted by the disease of thought, the simple occupations of each hour. We with our modern methods of living have our reward, but many generations have yet to pass before the legend of this haughty and ruined race will go unheeded. Wherever a common crow, flying over the unseen tree-tops, utters its hoarse lone

cry, the spirit of the Indian lives. Wherever a beaver or musk-rat splashes, the Indian is not dead. The oyster's shell was his platter and the turtle's shell his cup, white water was his drink and the fruits of the earth his victuals. Loyal and cruel, magnanimous and merciless, he lived to be uprooted like the wild vines whose grapes taste bitter to the palate of God. Whenever, down in some side street of New York City, I have observed one of this race, dressed in the filthy habiliments of his ancient enemies, yet even so, still recognizable by the rising swing of his unusual walk, " there," I have said, " goes a king in exile."

On September 19th the " Half Moon " reached an anchorage somewhere in the vicinity of Albany ; and the following day Hudson sent his Dutch mate, with four other men, to explore further up the river in the ship's boat. They returned at nightfall and reported that upstream the water became narrower and less deep. Long before this it must have been clear to Hudson that the great river was not the desired channel he sought. It is possible that, as far as the Highlands, he still cherished a faint hope that, rounding some foreland, he would see unmistakable evidence of having accomplished his desire. The Strait of Magellan is less wide at certain points than is the Hudson River; and yet it had led the Spaniards, beyond all expectation, into the Southern Pacific.

The principal sources of the Hudson River lie in the virginal glens of the Adirondack Mountains, and it is interesting to remember that during the very same summer which witnessed the white sails of the " Half Moon " passing between the massed green foliage of the primeval forests the peerless French explorer Champlain had been present in the foothills of the same mountains, only a few days' journey to the north. It was, in truth, under the shadow of the Adirondack

Mountains that Champlain had, with the help of his musket and a troop of sixty Algonquin and Huron warriors, defeated the Iroquois. Exultant over their victory, his feral allies had retraced their steps through the woods at the lake's margin, torturing to death, as they went, the prisoners they had taken. For however much my Lord Montaigne, sitting at ease in his round tower, under his well-hung Catholic bell, may commend these people who "made war upon all the world," and however much we may be disposed to admire their courage, the ferocity they were wont to display towards their enemies should not be altogether forgotten. Even in the annals of man they were remarkable, of laughing man, who has never been, God knows, prone to mercy.

It would seem that Red Indians knew no other means of expressing the jubilation of victory than by physically degrading the conquered, who, with Spartan stoicism, pitted their own personal pride against the atrocious handiwork of those into whose power they had fallen. Strapped to a fir tree, while their enemies pulled at the tendons of their slit wrists, or tore off their nails, or poured boiling water on their scalped skulls, they would mock their torturers with songs of triumph on their lips. The appalling midnight yell of the yagesho, the fabled naked bear, could not have sounded more shocking than did these unnatural "death-songs" of victory in defeat, that would rise from the dim, intimate forests into the unaffrighted American sky. On September 21st Hudson proposed to sail the "Half Moon" further up the river, but was prevented from his purpose by the number of Red Indians who came on board. The native name for the locality of Albany was Schenectadea, "the place you reach by travelling through pine woods," a name which, to my mind, more than any other, suggests the manner of life of these people, who themselves upon occasions under-

took long migratory expeditions on foot over the forest floor, like the elks they hunted.

Hudson that day entertained some of the chiefs in his cabin, giving them wine and spirits to drink, "to try whether they had any treacherie in them." Under the influence of the stimulating poison the primitive men grew as merry as skunks in moonlight. An Indian woman had come with them, and her decorous demeanour in the strange environment won even the praise of Robert Juet. "She sat so modestly as any of our country women would doe in a strange place." Presently one of the savages, an old man, who had been on board for several days, became dead drunk, and his comatose condition so alarmed his companions, that they left the ship. They returned later in the day, with strings of wampum, with which they perhaps hoped to purchase enfranchisement for their chief from the mysterious evil that had fallen upon him. This wampum was the native currency, made out of the stem of the periwinkle and the shell of the round clam ; and it later came to have a recognized value amongst the Dutch, so that four strings of "good splendid seawan of Manhattan" were equal to a stiver. While these events were taking place, the carpenter of the ship was at work on shore making a yard-arm.

The next day the mate and four other men were again sent out, in the ship's boat, to explore the river higher up. This time they rowed to a position some twelve miles above Albany, perhaps to as far as where Waterford now stands. Meanwhile, the strayed reveller, having slept quietly all night, was better, which made the savages "glad" when they came to the ship, at noonday, to enquire about him—so glad, in fact, that they returned again to deliver an oration of thanks to Hudson, and to present him with tobacco and more bead money. They also sent one of their number back to the shore, who

reappeared presently with venison "dressed by themselves," which they gave Hudson to eat, and made him reverence. By so simple a means, and by so simple a sacrament, did these fond men endeavour to accommodate themselves to a contact charged with their doom.

NOTE. On the north east corner of Manhattan Island a fine tulip tree marks the place where Hudson may possibly have come to shore on the evening of September 13th. Certain extracts from John de Laet's History of the New World would seem to suggest that the Castleton and Hudson City district was not the only locality where he landed. Although the evidence to be drawn from the testimony of the three original sources—Emanuel van Meteren, Robert Juet, and John de Laet—is hardly sufficient to justify our making any authoritative assertion on this subject, yet the preservation undisturbed of the native character of the Indian glen, Shora-kap-kock, is in itself of historic value whether Hudson landed there or not.

CHAPTER XVII

THE DEPARTURE

IN the evening the boat returned "in a shower of rain," the men more firmly convinced than ever that, higher up, the river would be useless for shipping. On September 23rd the wind blew from the north-west, and they began their return journey. Presently they ran into a mud bank, where they were stranded for some hours ; but at the rising of the tide, which is felt as far up the river as Albany, they floated free again, and were able to anchor for the night in deep water. The following day they once more "came on ground on a banke of oze in the middle of the river." This was not far from the place where Hudson had gone on land. Again they were released by the tide, and spent the afternoon on shore, gathering chestnuts. The next day, a little further down the river, they put in to the west bank. They noted the various kinds of trees they saw growing there, many of which seemed to them "suitable for ship-building and for making large casks or vats" ; and they also noticed a slate-like material, which they thought could be used for roofing houses. As the wind now blew from the south, they kept the ship where it was for another day. They were visited by two native canoes. In one of them was the same old man who had been drunk, and he brought with him two old Indian women and two Indian maidens. Hudson entertained them and gave them a knife, while they, in

return, not only presented him with tobacco and "wampum," but also made gestures as much as to say that the whole country round about was at his command.

We can well conceive how the mind of this old Red Indian had been excited by the sudden intrusion of these hospitable strangers into the uneventful days of the forest life that he had lived for so many years. We can well conceive how he had revolved all the circumstances of it, as he lay "under the blue heavens," and yet had never—no, not for a single moment—suspected its grave import for him and for his children and for his children's children. For sixty, for seventy years, he had handled stone-sinkers for his nets, had opened oyster-shells, had snared turkeys, killed bears, inhaled the clear forest air, sat talking in the enclosure of a hut raftered with bent hickory saplings, looked up at the shadowy craters of the moon, which punctually, once a month, in her plenitude, transformed to the glittering white of mother-of-pearl the rippling surface-currents of the River Cohohatalea. He had lain with his women, and regularly performed the physical functions that Nature demanded of his body, and, during all this time, and during the time of his fathers before him, there had been no indication that the essential background of the life he knew could be changed. How, indeed, could he have foretold that the white man, who made so much of him, who regarded his surprise at each novel experience with so shrewd and so genial an eye, was, in fact, a living signal that the urge of necessity which governs the way of men, was moving inevitably towards new scenes, new dramas, new history; that the traders, who followed in his wake, and who were to barter for furs behind well-built stockades, would, in their turn, be succeeded by well-established settlers, who would gradually exterminate his people, lay low his mighty forests, and construct upon the wild earth,

township and citadel, divorced entirely from the manner of living he knew and loved ?

On September 27th a north wind blew, and they dropped further down the river. The old man had come on board again, begging Hudson to visit him once more and eat with him, but because of the favourable wind it seemed wise to continue on their way. They next anchored about the vicinity of Red Hook, fourteen miles or so below Catskill Landing ; and there the mate and three other sailors went out fishing, and caught " mullets, breames, bases and barbits." By September 30th they had reached a position below Poughkeepsie. There more Indians came on board, and the men bought some small skins. Juet declares that " the mountaynes looked as if some metall or minerall were in them." The site where Newburgh now stands he asserted to be " a very pleasant place to build a town on."

On October 1st they weighed anchor at seven o'clock in the morning, and sailed seven leagues. This brought them to the south entrance of the Highlands, near Peekskill. More Red Indians came on board, with skins for sale. We know that Hudson in his lost journal, declared that the Indians had " a great propensity to steal, and are exceedingly adroit in carrying away whatever they take a fancy to," an opinion probably based upon what now happened.

While the crew of the ship was occupied in bargaining with the natives for skins, an Indian, who for some time had been observed paddling his canoe near the stern of the ship, climbed on to the rudder and stole out of the window of Juet's cabin a pillow, two shirts, and two cutlasses. It was a rash action. Better had he stolen a bone from a man-eating hyena than a shift belonging to this ancient dock-walloper ! His act was detected. The alarm was given, and the savages, who a few minutes before had been marvelling at the weapons of the white

people, were now to witness the use to which they could be put. The Dutch mate shot at the thief, hit him in the chest and killed him. All was confusion. There was a general stampede of the Indians overboard: some leaped into the canoes, others into the water. The sailors rushed to man their boat in order to recover their lost property. One of the swimming Indians, knowing how easily a birch-bark canoe could be capsized, put his hand on the gunwale of the "Half Moon's" boat. He paid dearly for his temerity, for the ship's cook, seizing a sword, with one blow, cut off the dusky gripping hand, and the man was drowned. On getting back to the ship, Hudson and his men set sail, and dropped as far down the river as they could before darkness fell.

The next day they came to anchor in their old haven near the palisaded fort, Nipinichsan, off Spuyten Duyvil. There more Indians approached the ship, and they recognized one of the men they had dressed up in a red coat. As soon as he had swum to shore, he had evidently travelled down the river valley with swift intent to revenge himself, if it was possible, upon the treacherous and violent explorers who had made such rude sport of him. Juet was convinced that he came now "to betray them." None of the savages, therefore, were allowed to enter the ship. Immediately a flight of arrows whistled about the "Half Moon," "in recompense whereof we discharged sixe muskets, and killed two or three of them." After this, about a hundred more natives were seen collecting at a certain point of the land, to aim more arrows at the ship, whereupon Juet "shot a falcon at them, and killed two of them." The savages now fled to the shelter of the woods, except nine or ten men, who manned a canoe, and with the utmost determination paddled towards them. Juet let off a second charge from his falcon, which killed another Indian and shot through their

canoe. Meanwhile, his comrades had hit three or four more of them with musket shots.

They then weighed anchor and went down the river as far as Hoboken. Juet, as they passed it, observed the white-green colour of the Weehawken cliff, "as though it were either a copper or silver myne ; and I think it to be one of them, by the trees that grow upon it." There they remained undisturbed. "We saw no people to trouble us ; and rode quietly all night."

The next day was "thicke weather," and they stayed where they were, but with some trouble, owing to their anchor "coming home." The following day they manœuvred with the help of a favourable wind, until they were "clear of all the inlet" when, with free hearts, they set "mayne-sayle, sprit sayle, and top-sayles, and steered away east-south-east, and south-east by east off into the mayne sea."

CHAPTER XVIII

IN ENGLAND AGAIN

VEN when "the river of the Steep Hills" had been left far behind, and the last misty outline of the American coast had vanished, Hudson experienced difficulty in dealing with his dangerous and vacillating crew. The natural course for the ship to have taken was back to the Netherlands. Instead, the Dutch mate suggested that they should winter in Newfoundland, so as to be near at hand to continue the search "of the North-western passage of Davis through out." Hudson knew the mutinous temper of his men far too well to risk a plan which might entail a shortage of food, and for this reason proposed that they should sail to Ireland. This expedient met with general approval. As it turned out, however, they actually came into the harbour of Dartmouth, in Devonshire, on November 7th, a little over a month after leaving "the North River."

Immediately upon landing, Hudson sent a notice of his return to his Dutch employers, together with certain suggestions. He proposed to them that he should go out again for a search in the North-West, and that besides the pay, fifteen hundred florins should be laid out for an additional supply of provisions. He desired also that six or seven of the more insubordinate members of his crew should be exchanged for others, and its number raised to twenty. He would then, so he intimated, leave

Dartmouth in the beginning of March, so as to be in the North-West toward the end of that month, and spend April and the first part of May off the coast of Newfoundland fishing ; from thence he would sail to the North-West and occupy his time in exploring, till the middle of September, when he would return to Holland along the north-eastern coast of Scotland.

The delivery of this communication was delayed owing to contrary winds ; and, meanwhile, the English Government, accusing Hudson of having undertaken a voyage " to the detriment of his own country," forbade him and the other English members of the crew of the " Half Moon " to leave England. This " Order in Council " undoubtedly owed its origin to the fact that news of Hudson's discovery of a great navigable river had reached the ears of the authorities. The sailors, while waiting for further orders, could hardly have been expected to remain silent. The fishermen, yeomen, and squires of Devonshire had for so long been accustomed to listening to seafaring stories that it would have been a miracle if some account of their adventures had not leaked out as the returned mariners sat at ease in thatched taverns cosy as beehives, down in the West Country.

When instructions from the Dutch Directors at last reached Hudson, in January 1610, ordering him to return to Amsterdam at once, they came too late. Van Meteren, through whose responsible hands Hudson's log-books, journals, and charts probably passed on their way to Holland, evidently resented the arbitrary ruling of the English officials. " Many persons," he writes in his restrained and dignified manner, " thought it rather unfair that these sailors should have been prevented from laying their accounts and reports before their employers." During his long residence in England, this studious cousin of the great geographer, Abraham Ortelius, had had ample opportunity of forming his own

opinion upon our English character. "The people," he declares, "are bold, courageous, ardent, and cruel in war, fiery in attack, and having little fear of death; they are not vindictive, but very inconstant, rash, vainglorious, light and deceiving, and very suspicious, especially of foreigners, whom they despise. They are full of courtly and affected manners and words, which they take for gentility, civility, and wisdom."

The "Half Moon," with the remnant of its crew, stayed in England till July of the following year, when it finally returned to Amsterdam. The next time the historic ship put to sea, she was under the command of a Dutchman, Commander Laurens Reael, and sailed for the East Indies. The eventual fate of the valiant vessel remains unrecorded.

It was not for several years that the full worth of Hudson's discovery of De Groote Noordt Rivier was appreciated. Van Meteren himself merely refers to his having found a river "in Virginia," while Hessel Gerritz, as late as 1612, wrote that "Hudson achieved nothing memorable by this new way." Indeed, when the rumour began to circulate, on the return of the "Discovery" from Hudson's fourth voyage, that the North-West Passage had been found, the suspicion arose amongst the Dutch that Hudson had deliberately refrained from exploring further to the north, that is, through Lumley's inlet, as was his original intention, being "unwilling to benefit Holland and the Directors of the Dutch East India Company by such a discovery."

But whatever might be the official opinion, certain private traders were not slow to take advantage of so new and so attractive an opening for prosecuting the fur trade. Long before this, we read of Dutchmen poaching in the French preserves about the St. Lawrence River, whose avarice for beaver skins led them to rifle the graves of Indians buried in shrouds made of these valuable pelts.

Such resourceful gentlemen, we may well surmise, were not likely to neglect so easy an entrance into the very heart of the regions they coveted. They saw at once the chance it gave them of competing with the Muscovy fur dealers ; and the very next year they sent ships to Manhattan Island, telling the savages that " they would visit them the next year again, when they would bring them more presents, and stay with them a while," but adding with apparent ingenuousness, " that as they could not live without eating, they should then want a little land of them, to sow seeds, in order to raise herbs to put in their broth."

In this way the invasion began. But it was not the Indians who at first suffered betrayal, it was the beavers. The savages had mixed their tails with their " posho," had suspended their tails from the snakes' skins with which they adorned their foreheads, had used their russet-coloured hides to help them to withstand the bitter winter winds that swept over their continent from the north. But now, all at once, the demand for the pelts of the sagacious creatures was increased to proportions of unprecedented severity. A wholesale massacre began, a massacre of these rodents who had learnt through long ages of trial and error to fell trees, to build dams, and to sink logs for their winter food, with an ingenuity unrivalled in the animal world. We read of ships leaving the Hudson with cargoes of seven thousand skins. Indeed, there was not an animal whose coat could provide a covering for hairless man that was not trapped, hunted, and killed.

The Dutch West India Company, which inherited Hudson's discovery, received its vague and magnificent charter in 1621. In a hundred years, this land, that for centuries had given shelter to every kind of wild creature, underwent a furious ravishing. Man, into whose keeping God had delivered the beasts of the field,

was asserting his prerogative, the prerogative to take a terrible toll of life without misgiving or stint.

Then, as the fur-trading interests diminished and gave place to the more settled régime of the Van Rensselaers, Van Cortlandts, and Philipses, the great landed patroons, evil was meted out to the Indians also. For a period, while the settlers were still few, the contest was not unequal. Woach ! Woach ! Ha ! Ha ! Huch ! Wocach ! The terrible war-cry of the Redskins was heard with dread, with panic dread, by the women of outlying homesteads, as they sat at their Saxon wheels, spinning flax. But nothing could withstand the swift action of, the merciless non-moral law of survival. Dominie Blom of Kingston, with the help of Burgomaster Krygier, practically annihilated the Indians of Ulster County ; and " the only good Indian is a dead Indian " became the accepted password. The twilight of the Mohawks and of the Iroquois had come, and the stage was set for a new epoch.

> ' All things begin again ;
> Life is their prize ;
> Earth with their deeds they fill,
> Fill with their cries.'

It will be remembered how the Directors of the Muscovy Company had lost interest in Hudson after the lack of success of his second voyage. The rumour of this fresh exploit, however, had the effect of once more directing the attention of the London merchants towards him. Hudson had put to the test his theory of sailing across the Pole and had failed. He had tried every possible route by the north-east and had failed. He had now endeavoured to find a passage through the main body of the North American coast, and had failed. But there still remained the mysterious " Furious Overfall " of John Davis unattempted.

At that time there were in London certain merchant princes, men of culture, wealth, and enterprise, who were ever ready to adventure their substance in the cause of commerce and discovery. Perhaps the most influential of these was Sir Thomas Smith, who had been one of the original members of the English East India Company, and who, during this very year, had been honoured by James I in that he had hung about Sir Thomas' neck a gold chain, with a picture of his own royal features pendent to it, in celebration of the launching of the "Trade's Increase," the largest mercantile vessel that had, up to that time, been floated. This redoubtable merchant was one of the first to recognize the importance of an oversea trade, and had even been led so far by his enthusiasm as to institute lectures on navigation, which were delivered in his own house by Dr. Hood, and the mathematician, Edward Wright. At this date, Sir Thomas Smith had still half a score more years of useful work before being buried at Sutton-at-Hone, in Kent.

Second in importance to Sir Thomas Smith was a young man named Sir Dudley Digges, sprung from a learned family, and himself educated at the University of Oxford. This gentleman had married a Kentish lady, and had, thereby, acquired the property of Chilham, near Canterbury, where a mansion of his building still stands. After the return of the "Discovery" Sir Dudley Digges, who had always shown the keenest interest in exploration, published a book, entitled *Of the Circumference of the Earth, or a Treatise of the North-West Passage*, a book of which an uncivil acquaintance wrote, in a manner that is only too familiar to some of us, "Many of his good friends say he had better have given four hundred pounds than have published such a pamphlet." Third in consequence was Master John Wolstenholme, Farmer of the Customs, who was knighted in 1617. This loyal Yorkshire squire, whose grandson lost his life at Marston

Moor, had always been a great promoter of voyages of discovery.

These three distinguished persons now banded together with other influential people, as independent merchant adventurers, to send Henry Hudson once more to sea. The enterprise also had the support of Prince Henry, that royal youth of pregnant parts, who, during the few years that he lived, never withheld his patronage from any project that had as its aim the advancement of the Commonwealth, either in the arts, or in matters which concerned the practical world. It was he—and we love him for it—who fostered the whimsical genius of Tom Coryat, and who befriended Sir Walter Raleigh in the dark days of his imprisonment, asserting, with the indiscreet impetuosity of youth, that none but his father would keep "such a bird in such a cage."

This, then, was Captain Hudson's formidable backing, when he set sail from London, in the "Discovery," on April 17th, 1610, "to try if, through any of these inlets which Davis saw, but durst not enter, any passage might be found to the other ocean called the South Sea."

CHAPTER XIX

THE FOURTH SAILING

"THE Barke Discovery," Captain Weymouth's old ship, set sail from St. Katherine's Pool over against the Tower, dropping down the Thames with a number of other vessels that had been waiting for a favourable tide. Its crew was made up of the following men : Henry Hudson, captain ; Robert Juet, mate ; John King, quartermaster ; Robert Bylot ; Edward Wilson, surgeon ; Francis Clemens, boatswain ; Silvanus Bond, cooper ; Philip Staffe, carpenter ; Arnold Lodlo, Michael Butt, Adame Moore, Syracke Fanner; John Williams, gunner; William Wilson, John Thomas, Michael Perse, Adrian Motter, able-bodied seamen ; Abacuk Prickett and Bennett Mathues, landsmen ; Thomas Wydowse, a mathematician ; and two boys, John Hudson, and Nicholas Syms from Wapping.

Robert Juet, Philip Staffe, Arnold Lodlo, and Michael Perse had already served under Hudson. Bylot was a competent navigator, who came from the Precinct of St. Katherine ; Edward Wilson, surgeon, was a young man from Portsmouth, twenty-two years old ; John King, the quartermaster, was honest, but somewhat choleric ; Silvanus Bond came from London, and Adrian Motter from Middlesex. Francis Clemens and Syms both came from Wapping. The former was forty years old. William Wilson was a mariner of ugly words and worse

actions. Of Michael Butt, Adame Moore, Syracke Fanner, John Williams, and John Thomas we know nothing ; they represent the actors who fill up the stage for the drama that was to take place.

Thomas Wydowse, or Woodhouse, was a young intellectual, who perhaps embarked on the expedition out of an imprudent curiosity. Bennett Mathues, who is described as " a landsman," had been probably engaged as ship's cook. Abacuk Prickett was a servant of Sir Dudley Digges, and had at one time been a haberdasher. He had the ingratiating manners and the suave and ready wit of a menial who has learnt to disguise his real emotions and conceal his real thoughts. Another mysterious individual, Master Coleburne, perhaps the same man who had given Captain Weymouth trouble, sailed in the " Discovery," having been " written on " by the promoters of the voyage, possibly to play the part of " adviser " to Hudson. His presence evidently " got on Hudson's nerves," for before the " Discovery " had left the Thames he was put " into a pinke," a boat with a particularly narrow stern, with a letter from Hudson to the promoters, explaining the reasons for this action.

At Gravesend Henry Greene, a somewhat ambiguous protégé of Hudson's, came on board. It was often the custom for the directors of a voyage to pay a formal visit to the ship before it sailed ; and as this singular young man had not been " set downe in the owner's booke," it may well have been that Hudson considered it politic that he should make his appearance lower in the river.

Greene, who for some time past had been staying with Hudson in his house in London, was a self-willed scapegrace. His parents, respectable people living in Kent, had been outraged by the conversation and manner of life of their offspring, who preferred above everything the company of bawds, panders, pimps, and trollops. He belonged to the underworld, was clever, physically

strong, and able to turn his hand to anything. Before sailing, Hudson had persuaded a certain Master Venson to open negotiations with Greene's "worshipful parents," and this excellent man had been able to extract from the mother the sum of five pounds, to buy clothes for her son, which money the prudent Master Venson had insisted upon seeing "laid out himself." Hudson had apparently taken a fancy to this ne'er-do-weel, and had offered him a berth in his ship, promising upon his return to England to use his influence with Prince Henry, to have Greene made one of his guards. Greene was completely devoid of any religious beliefs; and he used to shock Abacuk Prickett, who was a great reader of the Bible, by asserting that with regard to religion he was "cleane paper," whereon Prickett might write what he wished.

Greene very soon made his presence on the ship felt. "At Harwich he should have gone into the field with one Wilkinson." There is little doubt that this suggestive sentence, the exact meaning of which has provoked so much discussion amongst historians, was inserted in Prickett's journal to indicate roguery of some kind or other. Was this unknown Wilkinson originally a member of the crew, and was he put out of the ship for some ill conduct? Or did Greene resort to a bout of fisticuffs with this Wilkinson, or did the two men disport themselves in some other even less decorous manner in the green fields of Essex on that far-off May Day? It is a conundrum "that might admit a wide solution."

They now had favourable winds, and sailed up the east coast of England without further let or hindrance. On May 2nd they were "thwart of" Flamborough Head, on the coast of Yorkshire, and by the 5th they were off the Orkneys. On May 8th they were near the Faroe Islands, and by the 11th, on the morrow of that day when

Henry of Navarre had felt the assassin's dagger enter his heart, they had sighted Iceland. Here they were delayed for a fortnight, owing to bad weather, with fog and contrary winds. Eventually they anchored in Breidi Fiord, on its west coast, and diverted themselves by shooting and fishing and bathing in the hot springs of an inlet called by them "Lousie" Bay.

It is interesting to know that Hudson and his men spent so many days on this extraordinary island, which, by the energy of a fire, too ferocious for our minds to contemplate, has been thrown up from the bottom of the sea. From the earliest times this land "at the back of the north wind," which next to Great Britain forms the largest European island, had been regarded by its visitors with uneasy suspicion. There seemed something sinister about so close and dramatic a juxtaposition of ice and fire. The inhabitants of the place were uncomfortable beings, "at night dreaming always of shipwreck," and in the day "singing of the heroical acts of their ancestors, not with any certain composed order or melodie but as it cometh in every man's head."

Prickett regarded the activity of Mount Hekla with no confident eye. It was, indeed, this volcano, more than anything else on the island, that was looked upon askance by foreigners. When in full eruption, its ashes have been known to float as far as the Orkneys, so that fishermen there have called to each other saying that it was snowing a black snow. In its monstrous travail it has cast from its crater pumice boulders six feet in circumference, as far as fifteen miles. Small wonder that this crater of Thule arrived at, as Pytheas long ago recounted, by passing through "a sluggish sea, where there is no separation of sea, land, and air, but a mixture of these elements that hath the substance of a jelly fish," should have been assumed to be nothing less than the mouth of hell, now at last finally located. It

was reported that Icelandic fishermen could always tell the day when any great battle had been fought, "for they see wicked spirits going forth and returning, and bringing soules with them," while for ever about its mouth flew flocks of birds of evil association, such as ravens and vultures. The people who lived at the foot of Hekla had, so it was asserted, "devils to serve them as familiar as domestical servants." Who indeed can doubt that near so brave a grange rats were "good and cheap"?

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that such rumours were welcomed with enthusiasm by the islanders themselves, who were quick to appreciate the natural corollary "that there is nothing in all the world more base and worthless than a country that containeth Hell within its boundaries." And presently there arose a true patriot amongst them, one Arngrimus Jonas, who was at pains to confute such calumnies. He explained at some length, in his celebrated book, that the Hekla rumour had its origin in the fact that people saw "no wood nor any such fewell layed upon the fire as they have in their owne chimneys at home," and that Etna is no less famous for its "inflamations"; and strenuously denied that "great swarmes of ugly black ravens and vultures nestle there," not only because they would be driven from thence "by fire and smoke being things contrary to their nature," but also for the reason that Iceland "hath no vultures, but that second kind of eagles which Plinie noted by their white tayles and called Pygarsi."

But it was not only the shooting of wild-fowl, such as partridges, curlew, plover, mallard, teal, and goose, that occupied the attention of Hudson's crew during their Whitsuntide sojourn in the haunted island. Once more the conduct of Henry Greene gave the men something to talk about. Apparently he picked a quarrel with the young Portsmouth surgeon, and was not content until

he had fought him on shore. Hudson seems to have condoned his ill-behaviour, saying that he knew Wilson had "a tongue that would wrong his best friend." The incident bred much bitter feeling, and Wilson was only with difficulty persuaded to come on board again. Matters were not improved by some disloyal words spoken by Juet, when under the influence of drink, he declaring that Hudson had put Greene on board as a kind of stool-pigeon, "to crack the credit," on their return to England, of any one who happened to displease him. The words did not reach the ears of Hudson until after they had left Iceland, when he was in two minds to sail back to the island in order to put on shore the malign old man, leaving him to get home to England as best he could in one of the visiting fishing-boats. However, he eventually thought better of it, and they continued to sail towards Greenland.

CHAPTER XX

HUDSON STRAIT

UDSON STRAIT, the "Furious Overfall" of Captain Davis, had been entered by George Weymouth, and had been inspected by Frobisher on his third voyage, in 1578, who wrote of having "a fayre continent upon the starreboard syde, and continuance still of an open sea." It had also been visited by Portuguese navigators between 1558 and 1569, knowledge of its existence from this last source having duly found its way on the maps and charts of the sixteenth century. Hudson Bay, even, may be seen drawn out in Ortelius' atlas of 1570, with the words *Baia dos Medaos* upon it; while Clement Adams' version of Sebastian Cabot's planisphere, which was probably known to Hudson, for at this date it was hanging in the White Hall Gallery, actually indicated that, just here, there was a passage to the Pacific.

Weymouth's attempt to sail through the Strait in 1602 had been thwarted by the presence in his ship of a certain clergyman, named Cartwright, who had travelled in Persia, and on this occasion had been supplied with a fresh black clerical gown, for use in Cathay. At the first sight of ice this man had instigated a mutiny, and, when Weymouth was asleep, had persuaded the crew to alter the course of the vessel and sail for home. "I came out of my cabin," writes Weymouth, "and demanded of them, Who bare up the helm? They answered one

and all." Naturally the expedition was a failure, a fact that Captain Luke Foxe does not hesitate to drive home. "Hee (Weymouth) neither discovered nor named anything more than Davis, nor had any sight of Groenland, nor was not so farre North ; nor can I conceive hee hath added anything more to the designe ; yet these two, Davis and he, did (I conceive) light Hudson into his straights."

Weymouth's voyage had been succeeded, in 1606, by an expedition under a seaman called John Knight. This unfortunate man achieved nothing but his own death. He landed somewhere on the coast of Labrador, walked over a hill, with his mate, Edward Gorrill, and was never heard of again, a happening which provoked the captainless crew to report that the natives of those parts were "a very little people, tawnie coloured, thin or no beards, flat-nosed, and man-eaters."

Besides the papers of George Weymouth, which Hudson had received from Plancius, he had also in his possession the celebrated sailing instructions of Boty, or Bartsen, which had been used by Norwegian and Icelandic sailors as a guide for reaching Greenland, even before the time of Columbus. Hudson had been lent this interesting document by Hondius, and had caused it to be translated by a certain English merchant named William Steere. From it he learnt all that was known of the ancient colony of the Norsemen in Greenland. It is difficult for us to realize that this romantic settlement lasted for as long a duration of time as has passed since America was first visited by the English.

It was made up of two large districts, known respectively as Osterbygd (or eastern settlement) and Vesterbygd (western settlement). The Osterbygd possessed twelve churches, one monastery, one nunnery, and numerous farms, while Vesterbygd contained four churches and ninety farms. The settlers owned sheep

and cattle, and lived in stoutly-built stone houses, some of the ruins of which are still standing. There has been found in recent times in Greenland a gravestone of a young girl with the following runic inscription upon it : "Vigdis hviler her glede gud sal hennar." ("Vigdis rests here. May God gladden her soul.") How amazing are the intricate vistas of history, and how hard for our imaginations to pierce with enlightened vision the shadowed past ! Today, under cover of a few stunted willows, on a far-off hillside we unearth a memorial stone, and even with so intelligible a token before our eyes it still remains impossible for us, with any degree of clearness, to envisage the distant morning when this Viking maid was buried in the cold ground. And yet, like us, she also had cast bewildered momentary glances up towards the starry heavens, had listened to the same stories about Jesus that we listen to, and had trembled as she heard rumours of the Skraelings, the terrible undersized men who lived in the North, and who had, so it was reported, little distinct speech, "but made a show of a kind of hissing after the manner of geese." We hear the names of these people, of Gunnbjörn, the Norwegian, who first sighted the vast continental island, of Eric the Red, who, in 982, explored its south-western coasts ; of his son, Leif Ericsson, who in the year 1000 was the first European to discover America ; of the long succession of bishops who administered Christian justice to the dwellers in those fiord valleys ; and yet they carry to us little realization of the monotony and stir of life as it developed, year after year, on the edges of that vast tract of inland ice, which then, as it does to-day, covered valleys and mountains under a single enormous glacier, a glacier which, through overlapping and precipitation, discharges into the northern ocean turreted islands, of pure glass, of a magnitude sufficiently menacing to command the attention of the preoccupied modern bag-

men who, with souls self-deluded or dead, sit playing with dotted cards, their legs outstretched under the liquor-stained smoking-room tables of our great liners. How can it be made possible for us to tear from its matrix this child of human memory, till we see with realistic comprehension the hardy existence, as it was actually lived, of these dead men and dead women, who are dug up in wooden coffins, their tall bones wrapped about " in coarse hairy clothe " !

They tilled the ground, they fought the Skraelings, they penetrated as far as Melville Bay, and then, because of the disruption brought about by the Black Death and the maritime monopoly of the Hansa, they were abandoned and forgotten. In the middle of the sixteenth century an Icelandic bishop, whose ship was overtaken by a storm near the coast of Greenland," thought he espied inhabitants driving cattle." This is the last rumour we hear of the lost colony. It has been supposed by some that, left to themselves, they were exterminated by their pigmy enemies ; but others contend that they intermarried with the Eskimos, basing their conjecture upon certain traditions and customs of undoubted Norse origin that still linger amongst this persistent little people, who never leave the northern shores of our planet. It was the Indians who first gave to the Skraelings the name by which they are now known. The Eskimos, when referring to themselves, had always used the word Innuits, which in meaning is equivalent to " human beings," and well they might appropriate to themselves this appellation, considering the supreme sapience they have always exhibited in accommodating their lives to the rigours of their selected environment, providing their lamps with wicks of moss, contriving their bows out of the rib bones of whales, and laying their new-born babes to rest in bird-skin cradles.

For a long time no Europeans visited Greenland, and

then Martin Frobisher sighted it; and afterwards Captain John Davis, that admirable son of Devon, landed on its shores and made friends with its primitive inhabitants. Both these mariners believed the southern portion of Greenland to be an island; and we know that Hudson, even after his exploration of its eastern coast, still entertained the delusion that a strait divided the north of Greenland from that southern portion of it that had been named by Davis "Desolation."

In Hudson's journal we catch the note of satisfaction felt by a navigator when he sights the land towards which he is steering situated just where, by the reading of his chart, it should be placed. "The fourth day we saw Groneland over the ice perfectly." And yet, though he had located Greenland, it was several days before he was able to correct his original misconceptions, as becomes apparent when he speaks of being "off Frobisher's straits." The chart that was brought back to England, however, shows that he did eventually acquire a pretty clear notion as to how the land actually lay.

There was much "thick ribbed ice" lying off Greenland that year, so that Hudson was unable to bring the "Discovery" close in to shore. Towards the end of June they raised Resolution Island, having already seen several "mountaynes of ice." They now entered the famous strait, which is four hundred and fifty miles long and one hundred miles wide. Because of the masses of ice that float backwards and forwards within its waters, driven this way and that by its turbulent tides, its passage has always been regarded by sailors as difficult, especially since its proximity to the Magnetic Pole renders the ship's compass, owing to the excessive dip of the needle, useless. It is curious to note that this latter fact was observed by Ruyschi, who perhaps was with Cabot on his voyage of 1498; for on his map he says, "Here a surging sea commences, here ships compasses lose their

properties." The Hudson's Bay Company in after years used to instruct its captains not to meet the winter stream of ice before July 15th, and to leave the bay not later than the end of September. Hudson, therefore, in entering the strait on June 25th, was trying to get through a week or two too early, a fact that may well explain the difficulties he encountered. A ship sailing through the strait in fair weather is able to see both shores, that on the north being bold and sloping, that on the south being bluff and precipitous. During the two summer months when the strait is comparatively free from ice, Eskimos from the north are said to cross it on rafts.

Hudson soon found it impossible to keep a direct course westward, so he steered towards the south, approaching the coast of Labrador near Cape Kattaktok. From there he sailed north again, sighting the island of Akpatok, which he described as a " champaigne land " and named " Desire Provoketh." Continuing to sail northward, he touched the Saddleback Islands, near the northern shore, and anchored there, naming them " The Isles of God's Mercies." Then, because of ice, he once more crossed the strait in a southerly direction, again entering Ungava Bay. By July 16th he was at the southern extremity of the Bay, near Kohsoak or Big River. From there he viewed Labrador, that cold and grim country which at the present time is being exploited for paper-mill pulp. Long before Hudson's visit, Sebastian Cabot had written of it, " It is a sterile land. There are in it many white bears and very large stags like horses," an observation wherein perhaps is contained the first reference we have to the moose.

From thence Hudson sailed north once more, reaching an island near the north-west cape of Ungava Bay on July 19th, an island which he named " Cape Hold with Hope," while the headland on the mainland he named

" Prince Henry's Foreland." Between those two points, when he sounded, he found bottom at 160 fathoms. From there he sailed westward, along the southern shore of the strait, naming headlands and islands as he went. Cape Weggs, to the south of Charles Island, he called " King James Cape," the eastern projection of Charles Island " Queen Annes Foreland." By August 1st he had passed between this island and the mainland, with no ground at 180 fathoms. The next day he sighted the most easterly cape of Salisbury Island, which he named " Salisbury Foreland." From here he sailed west-south-west fourteen leagues, and came into " a great and whirling sea." The various adventures encountered during these long weeks have been admirably described by Prickett.

Sometimes they would anchor by the side of a broad island of ice, and the men would clamber out of the ship and fill their casks from the pools of clear water that were held in its basins. Glad to feel themselves no longer in confinement, they would run and sport together. Several times they were diverted by the sight of a polar bear. One of these animals, on a certain occasion, seemed to be actually making her way towards the ship ; but when she realized she was being watched, she forthwith " cast her head between her hind legges, and dived under the ice," and so got herself off scrambling as best she could from floe to floe.

We cannot but admire Prickett's vivid manner of writing. Certainly this lackey knew well how to conjure up before the eyes of his readers the things he saw—" She cast her head between her hind legges "—that, we may surmise, was a scene sufficiently uncommon to impress the memory of the good Abacuk, who, doubtless up to this time, had seen nothing larger than a rabbit scuttling across a paddock to its hole in a bramble-patch, as, after serving Sir Dudley with his malmsey wine, he had taken

a turn "in the gloaming" towards the celebrated heronry of Chilham Park.

Presently the great masses of drifting ice filled the minds of the men with terror. They began to judge that Hudson had lost his way. Everywhere was fog and ice, ice and fog. Near Akpatok Island, in Ungava Bay, their discontent had grown so great that they refused to sail any further. They swore that they were engaged on a fool's errand. Juet openly jeered at Hudson's enthusiasm, making sport of his hope of reaching the East Indies, "of seeing Bantam by Candlemasse." Once more Hudson's inclination towards compromise displayed itself. Instead of breaking the wills of the insubordinate members of his crew by some headstrong action—as Drake did, for example, when with his own hand, as the Spaniards always asserted, he cut off the head of Thomas Doughty at Port St. Julian, swearing that he would have the mutiny redressed, "for by the life of God it doth even take my wits from me to think of it," or as Cavendish did when he was "matched with the most abject-minded and mutinous company that was ever carried out of England"—Hudson, with more humanity, but perhaps less prudence, took counsel with his men, even going so far as to produce his chart, so that he could explain to them exactly what his plans were and how far they had been already carried out. He then asked these mariners "with wrens' hearts" whether they wanted to go on or go back, "yea or nay." To which question one sailor answered that if he had a hundred pounds he would be glad to give ninety of it to be back home again safe and sound, "sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire." Philip Staffe, however, swore that if he had such a sum "he would not give ten of it to be back in England, but on the contrary, would consider it as good money as ever he had any."

Of this occasion Prickett writes, " After many words to no purpose, to worke we must on all hands, to get ourselves out and to cleere our ship." Only once were they able to land, and that was on the Saddleback Islands, where Hudson sent a party of men, with Prickett and Wydowse, to see if they could shoot anything. They put up a covey of partridges, but all the birds got away, except " the old one," which was shot by the mathematician.

Now at last, with all their troubles apparently behind them, they were approaching a narrow, navigable channel between two noble headlands, whose mighty contours, as far as they knew, had never before been looked upon.

CHAPTER XXI

HUDSON BAY

HERE can be no doubt that Henry Hudson, as he sailed through the narrows between Cape Digges and Cape Wolstenholme, considered that the most difficult part of the voyage was over, and that he had actually discovered the long-desired passage. On his left towered the dizzy ledges of the famous Labrador headland, a headland that terminates in a point two hundred feet high, but is immediately backed by a jagged perpendicular cliff that rises to an elevation of nearly two thousand feet, and is full of crevices and giddy platforms, where, in the breeding season, the sea-fowl crowd so close that a hailstone could not pass between them—foolish doves from the cotes of God, whose plaintive crying, as they rise from their airy nesting places, one above the other, to circle and poise themselves in the buoyant sky, creates so insistent a volume of wild sound that the men who pass that way on the decks of hollow ships can hardly hear each other speak. Before him was no river nor ice-filled sound, but an open sea, wide and full, which must surely lead to where dark-skinned men, who knew nothing of snow and frost, employed themselves in packing their priceless merchandise in boxes of almug wood.

Opposite Cape Wolstenholme, two miles away, rose the vertical cliff of Cape Digges, itself over a thousand feet high ; and it was between these two magnificent

promontories that the small ship passed, on that day in August when was written the last entry preserved for us in Hudson's journal. For instead of sailing, as he surmised, towards the balm-bearing East, he was, as a matter of fact, being drawn surely and inevitably forward to his own damnation.

Before entering the open water of the bay, he sent Prickett and Bylot and Greene, and some others, to explore Digges Island. Long afterwards, in his " larger discourse," written at ease at home, Prickett described his adventures with graphic exactness. He himself was in charge of the boat. At first they found it impossible to land, because of the steepness of the cliffs. The afternoon was wild with rain and thunder, but ultimately they came to shore somewhere on the north-east of this island, which Hudson seems to have fancied at first was part of the northern mainland. After a rough scramble over the rocks, they got up into the interior. They saw several herds of deer, but always out of range of their muskets. They walked in the direction of a high hill, but found it was further away than they had at first imagined, so that they turned eastward and followed the edge of a great stretch of water which was drained by a stream that fell over the cliff into the sea " as much as would drive an over-shot mill."

We cannot help wondering what Master Prickett knew of such matters, and can only conjecture that his curiosity had led him upon occasions to stand on a stone coping, to watch some " furious overfall " of the Kentish Stour rush through its sluice, and that it was just such a duck-pond recollection that prompted him to put on paper this homely simile. But there was more than the waterfall to remind him of the English countryside : everywhere the ground was green with fresh grass and sorrel. Presently they came upon a heap of stones piled up in the shape of haycocks. Their appearance suggested

that they had been placed together by human beings ; and the inquisitive serving man coming up to one of them must needs turn over the uppermost stone, to find to his amazement that they were hollow and "full of fowles hanged by the neck." It is likely that Prickett was used enough to the kind of agreeable revelations that accompany the opening of a larder door, but in this case we may believe he was taken completely by surprise.

Prickett and Greene now went back for the boat, arranging to row round the shore and take in Bylot and the others at a place where they had noticed that the valley came down to the sea. Meanwhile the weather conditions had altered. The thunderstorm was over, and a dense sea fog had come up. It obscured the high coastland opposite and enveloped the waters of that northern sea in a silent cloud of infinitesimal grey particles of chilled moisture. Hudson, fearing that the exploring party would find difficulty in locating the ship, caused a number of shots to be fired. Once safely on board, they gave an account of their adventures and tried to persuade Hudson to remain anchored for a few days where they were. Prickett, it is evident, felt no small reluctance at leaving the stores of provisions he had discovered.

Hudson would not consider waiting longer. Before the prow of the "Discovery" extended a limitless sea "with water like whay." He began sailing southward, "confidently proud that he had won the passage." As far as possible he kept the eastern shore in sight. He passed between Cape Smith and Smith Island, in a channel not above "two leagues broad." There exist several groups of islands along this eastern coast, and Hudson named one of these "Rumney's Islands." Mansfield Island appears on his chart ; while Foxe declares that he also named Nottingham Island, after the High Admiral of England. From Cape Wolstenholme the

coast level falls to Cape Dufferin, and then rises again as it approaches Cape Jones, past which Hudson had to steer before entering James Bay. Here he spent several weeks sailing to and fro, but never finding the desired passage. He took in water and ballast, probably at Agoomska Island. The crew once more began to murmur, reasoning amongst themselves "concerning our coming into the bay and going out."

Such discontent obviously cast reflection upon Hudson's competence as a navigator, and the fact that he *was* uncertain as to what to do next rendered him perhaps more than usually sensitive. On this occasion he spoke out his mind to Juet, accusing him of disloyalty. Juet, perhaps relying upon the dissatisfaction of the sailors, with whom he had spoken, asked to be given an open trial before the whole crew. The trial took place on September 10th. Hudson first examined and heard "with equitie" all that Juet had to say in his own defence, and then listened to the charges brought against him. Bennett Mathues asserted that upon their approaching Iceland, Juet had said to him "that hee supposed that in the action would bee manslaughter, and prove bloodie to some." Others testified that soon after they had left Iceland he had "threatened to turne the head of the ship home from the action." Arnold Lodlo and Philip Staffe swore with their hands on the ship's Bible that Juet persuaded them to keep their swords in their cabins, together with their muskets, saying that the latter would be "charged with shot ere the voyage was over." Finally he was accused of having been at the bottom of the trouble with the men in the strait, when he had derided Hudson's hope of reaching Java by the second day of February.

Such damning evidence of bad faith put Hudson in a strong position. The crew sided with him in thinking "it was fit time to punish and cut off farther occasions

of the like mutinie" ; and that very afternoon Hudson deposed Juet from his position as mate, and put Robert Bylot into his place at the same rate of wages. Also, Francis Clemens, the boatswain, "who had basely carried himself to our master and to the action," was replaced by William Wilson, while Adrian Motter was made boatswain's mate, and John King and William Wilson, who had both "very well carryed themselves to the furtherence of the businesse," were promised a rise in their pay out of the boatswain's "overplus of wages."

Meanwhile Hudson assured the disgraced men that if they behaved themselves in the future, "he would be a meanes for their good, and that he would forget injuries." It may well be imagined that vague assurances of this kind carried little weight with sailors who had had their wallets tampered with, nothing in the world being more calculated to stir up that stagnant mire of evil blood, present in the hearts of all mortal men, than money, the gain of it, or the loss of it. Robert Juet nursed his hatred like a red-eyed ferret in the hutch of his dark soul, but for the present he was powerless to do evil.

But even when the sensation of this "ship's row" had subsided, the course of the "Discovery" remained as much of a mystery to the crew as ever. Wydowse, undisturbed, contented himself with supposing that Hudson had a desire thoroughly to explore James Bay "for some reasons to himself known." Prickett and the rough sailors hardly credited him with any purpose at all. "Up to the north we stood till we raised land, then downe to the south, and up to the north, then downe againe to the south," and it must be confessed that we also find it difficult to explain why Hudson should have spent so much time "in this labyrinth without end," instead of boldly rounding Cape Henrietta Maria and sailing for the western shore of Hudson Bay

which would be the most natural place to look for an opening into the Pacific.

At Michaelmas they were in Hannah Bay, but came out of it almost directly, and stood to the north again, where they met with foul weather, and lay anchored for more than a week. As soon as ever the wind abated, Hudson, impatient of delay, ordered the men to heave up the anchor. This they set about to do, but against their own judgement, as a heavy sea was still running. Just as the anchor was "on peake," the ship gave a lurch, and the mariners hauling at it were thrown down from the capstan, Michael Butt and Adame Moore being seriously hurt. The cable also would have gone overboard, had not Philip Staffe, whose experience had prepared him for just such an emergency, cut it free with an axe. After this they continued to sail to and fro and eventually came to the south-west corner of James Bay. Here Hudson sent out the boat to the land, yet the water was so shallow that the men had to wade to the shore, where, amongst rocks and driftwood covered with snow, they came upon the "footings" of a man! What manner of human being it was who had traversed this drear expanse, directing his way between stunted juniper bushes and over snow-white levels with nothing but an occasional wild duck to disturb the solitude of the featureless littoral, they never discovered.

On board again they once more set sail. Philip Staffe warned Hudson of the danger of rocks, and sure enough they presently ran on a rift and remained stranded upon it for twelve hours, "but (by the mercy of God) we got off unhurt but not unscarred." We may believe that Hudson's prestige was in no way strengthened by this misadventure. They afterwards crossed to the south-east corner of James Bay and dropped anchor in a harbour where stood three hills. This harbour is now called Rupert's Bay. It is in latitude 51° 10′, and is sheltered

on the north by a granite hill, four hundred feet high, which has since been named Sherrick Mountain.

Hudson now sent Prickett and Philip Staffe to the shore, for the purpose of seeking out a good place for wintering ; " and it was time, for the nights were long and cold, and the earth covered with snow." Purchas, writing only a few years afterwards, declared that Hudson finding himself embayed in shallow water, " committed many errours, especially in resolving to winter in that desolate place, in such want of necessarie provision." It is, however, difficult to know what else he could have done, considering that the seas to the north, through which he would have had to pass in order to return home, were probably at this time of the year ice-locked. The next day being November 1st, they hauled their ship aground close in to shore, and by the tenth of the month the " Discovery " was frozen in.

CHAPTER XXII

THE WINTERING

IT was during the very month that William Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* was being put on the stage for the first time, that this other winter's tale began. It would be hard to conceive a more desolate landscape than that which now surrounded the marooned company. The brackish water of James Bay was frozen over and disfigured with hummocks of snow-covered ice. The shore to the westward was very low, with wide mud-flats, out of which projected an endless series of snow-hooded rocks. On the edge of this white waste grew small Arctic willows, so stunted by cold that only a few inches of their twigs were visible above the snow ; and behind this dwarfed vegetation, on each bank of the river now known as the Nottaway, grew spruce, and pine, and juniper, their branches mossy on the south side, and all of them contorted and bowed as though in paralysed flight from the cruel winds that swept down upon them from the north.

The ship still contained a good supply of victuals, but not enough to get them through the winter and bring them back again to England. For this latter purpose they already relied upon the number of birds that they had seen nesting on the cliffs at Cape Digges and at Cape Wolstenholme. Hudson began regulating the distribution of the provisions, " for it behoved us to have a care of what we had ; for that we were sure of, but what

we had not was uncertain " : also, to increase the supply of food, he offered rewards for any bird or beast brought back to the ship ; at the same time giving instructions that no sailor should go hunting by himself, but always two together, the one carrying a gun, the other a pike. Some time before this, John Williams, the gunner, died. Now, it was the custom amongst sailors, in those days, that if any of their number died on a voyage, his clothes were forthwith sold before the mast to the highest bidder. The unlucky gunner had possessed a mariner's gaberdine of grey homespun ; but instead of following the usual practice Hudson promised to sell this garment to Greene, who, as we know, was without clothes other than the ones supplied to him by Master Venson. This arbitrary disposal of the prized clout formed a fruitful subject for discussion amongst the rest of the crew. However, as it was in the province of the captain to arrange as he thought best, the matter rested there.

Hudson now decided to build a house on shore, in spite of the fact that when this very step had been suggested at the end of October, he had refused to consider it. Philip Staffe, realizing the difficulties of putting up even the roughest shelter in the dead of winter, when every plank would freeze to the ground, and the nails, when he held them in his mouth, would take the very skin off his lips, sent back word to the master " that he neither would nor could goe in hand with such worke." When these words of the carpenter were reported to Hudson, he lost his temper and went down to Staffe " and ferreted him out of his cabbin to strike him, calling him by many foule names, and threatning to hang him," thereby once more revealing a fatal weakness in the management of his crew. Men, like animals, respond best to reasoned firmness. A policy of " frightfulness " is dangerous, but nothing is so dangerous as conduct that vacillates between propitiation and a show of false force.

This psychological axiom may be put to the proof with any group today, with Russian moujiks, with American or British strikers, with the Riffians, or with a band of naked spear-bearing Masai in Africa. Men will recognize monsters as their masters and saints as their saviours, but in an emergency they will invariably cut the throats of those leaders who are neither the one nor the other. In this case the carpenter delivered himself of a considerable amount of "back chat," declaring that he knew "what belonged to this place" better than Hudson did, "and that he was no house carpenter."

The next day, while still out of favour, Staffe, who was one of the best hunters in the ship, took his fowling-piece and went on land. Henry Greene went with him; and this so displeased Hudson, that to punish Greene, he allowed Robert Bylot, who at this time seems to have been in high favour, to have the gunner's gown. It was a method of retaliation unworthy of the great explorer, and one calculated to excite bad feeling. As soon as Greene heard about it, he went to Hudson and challenged his former promise, at which Hudson began railing against his favourite, telling him that he was a rascal whom no one would trust with twenty shillings, and that unless his manners improved he would not receive from him a penny in wages.

It seems that after this, a reconciliation took place between Hudson and Staffe; for the latter went to work and, like the skilful ship's carpenter that he was, soon put together some kind of shelter.

So the dark hours of the winter slowly passed over the heads of the stricken and dejected men. Scurvy, that unrelenting bane of sailors, broke out. The blackened gums of their jaw-bones rotted round their teeth, and their limbs swelled; and Prickett grew lame and the nails were frozen off the feet of Francis Clemens. And ever about the isolated men was the same dismal

landscape, the same dismal and monotonous sea. Nothing but miles and miles of snow, cusping the ridged and rocky strand, and drifting higher and higher against the juniper trees, which, like mute and despondent sentinels of misery, stood about on the upper slopes. And behind this immediate prospect lay the limitless northern continent, stretching from Labrador to the ice-bound swamps of the Mackenzie River, from the Mackenzie River to the northern coasts of Alaska, and beneath the burdened branches of the frost-resisting evergreen timber of this single vast forest moved the hardy animals, the prices of whose pelts were presently to fill the purses of London merchants. Enormous moose, too heavy for travelling over the frozen crust, stabled themselves in, keeping pathways open by their treading, so that they could nuzzle at the twigs of the jack-pines powdered over with snow. In snug hollows, huge pregnant sow-bears dreamed away the winter undisturbed by any noise save the nature-drugged respiration of their curled-up mates. While to the north and to the south, over the crisp surface of the forest floor dibbled with fallen twigs and tiny dry-dead fir-cones, moved packs of timber-wolves, like grey shadows, between the perpendicular never-ending shafts of motionless, snow-drooping, perfectly silent Christmas trees.

Was there nothing to awaken these uncircumscribed regions out of their accustomed prehistoric torpor, no sign by which its furry denizens could be made cognizant of the abomination of desolation that was approaching, that was indeed heralded by this band of white men cooped up on the shore of this great dead sea of the New World? A few more decades passed, and the Hudson's Bay Company was shipping beaver skins to London in cargoes of fifty thousand. Bears, martens, foxes, and, indeed, every breathing creature whose backbone was covered with warm fur, were now ruthlessly flayed. Not

for nothing did the great Company select for its motto *Pro pelle Cutem*, Skin for Skin, not for nothing has it selected for its telegraphic address today the single significant word "Beaver."

As the days drew on towards Christmas, Hudson and his crew came to subsist more and more upon ptarmigans, birds provided by God for these, His chosen people, after the same manner that He had sent down quail to satisfy the hunger of the Children of Israel long ago among the sandhills of Mount Sinai. But no token of divine dispensation was capable of softening the hearts of Juet, Greene, and Wilson, hearts harder than ever was the heart of the obdurate Pharaoh of old. However, as long as Bylot stood by Hudson, all was well. The hour of darkness was nigh, but had not yet struck. In the secret crevices of their minds they fed their black thoughts and watched them grow.

We cannot refrain from contrasting the malignant atmosphere of this splenetic winter's camp with the air of good-fellowship that had prevailed in the hut of William Barents, fourteen years before, when he had wintered in Novaya Zemlya. This, for example, was the Dutch entry for Christmas night, 1596: "It was foul weather on Christmasse day, and yet though it was foule weather, we heard the foxes runne over our House, wherewith some of our men sayd, it was an ill signe; and while we sat disputing why it should be an ill signe, some of our men made answer, that it was an ill signe because wee could not take them to put into the Pot or roast them, for that had been a very good signe for us." Imagine Juet giving expression to any such merry speeches! Imagine it! Robert Juet, who from the first had predicted that the action would "prove bloody to some."

At the first indications of the approach of spring, the willow-ptarmigan, "white as milk," became scarce, its place being taken by migratory water-fowl such as the

swan, the goose, and the duck, flying towards their incredibly remote breeding haunts far in the North. These birds came down only for a few hours before continuing their audible, undeviating flight across the frozen bay, and were exceedingly hard to approach. "Never did I see such wild-fowl," wrote Captain James, who wintered in this same locality twenty years later; "they could not endure to see anything move." As the season advanced, even those migratory birds were no longer present. Then it was that the thoughts of these men, twenty-one men and two boys, were troubled with the most primitive of all lusts, the lust for food! Time and again it has been proved that the clamour raised by the belly will more than anything else drive men to extremities. A hungry human being is dangerous. This it is, and nothing else, that causes revolutions. When guts are empty, kings quake. The most omnivorous of all mammals cannot easily brook being without food, and it is an exigency that he scents afar off. As soon as ever he begins to suspect that there is likely to be a shortage of the viands that support life, then, civilized or uncivilized, he looks about him with a ferocity primordial and unscrupulous. Hungry baboons! Who with the utmost civility can persuade them to remain in barren fig-trees? When the roped intestines grow dry the heart grows hard. How should it be otherwise? Does not some deep instinct, some imperative foreknowledge out of the long past, instruct us?

In the reign of Henry VIII the expedition of Master Hore in search of the North-West Passage caused many a gentleman of the Inns of Court and of the Chancery to find palatable the well-basted buttocks of their companions. Lieutenant Greely, in his unfortunate adventure, had Private Henry shot, for no better reason than that the other men of the party feared him because he was stronger than they and stole bacon! Already Juet and

Greene and Wilson realized that there was danger of starvation ; and we may be sure that not one of these three men would be content to die whistling through his fingers. Eat they must, but eat what ? The animals were fleet of foot and the brant geese swift of wing.

They wandered into the woods, up over the hills, and down into the valleys, searching like knavish foxes for " all things that had any show of substance in them, how vile soever." They ate moss, " than the which," writes Prickett, " the powder of a post be much better." They ate frogs, those grotesque bladder-bellied caricatures of humanity, to the taste, " in the time of their engendering, as loathsome as a toad," who, as the snow and ice melted under the soft influence of the spring's grace, had emerged from their wintry quiescence to satisfy their uncouth love-longings by the edge of pools and swamps. For already, through the obscure vegetable arteries of every tree and bush, the magical life-sap was moving ; already in every direction " the ice was being exhaled by the sun and suckt full of holes, like honey comb."

One day the mathematician brought back from the woods the buds of a certain tree—of the tamarac, perhaps —" full of a turpentine substance " ; and these, being boiled by the Portsmouth surgeon, " yielded an oily substance," which was used not only as a salve, but also to make up a decoction for drinking which proved an excellent remedy for the men, " whereby they were cured of the scorbute, sciaticas, crampes, convulsions, and other deseases, which the coldness of the climate bred in them."

Then, when the ice was beginning to melt in good earnest, their sense of absolute and unrelieved solitude was suddenly broken by the appearance of a native, " coming to the ship as it were to see and be seen." This unexpected event, in the time of their utmost destitution, filled Hudson with hope. He made a great deal of the

savage, and tried to get from the crew certain knives and hatchets for him to carry back as gifts to the place from which he had come. John King and Prickett responded to Hudson's appeal, and the savage went away with a knife, some buttons, and a looking-glass, making signs to the effect that after he had slept he would come again. There is something curiously provocative in the picture of this wild man of the woods, with his matted and coarse-fibred hair, like the mane of a horse, retreating into the wilderness with a mirror in his hand that had reflected with detailed accuracy so many times the countenance of Sir Dudley Digges' serving-man, and was now to enable this Indian, this wandering Cree, to contemplate, far more clearly than he had ever done in forest pool, his own extraordinary features.

When he returned, which he did shortly, he came drawing behind him a sled, on which were two deer-skins, two beaver-skins, and some meat. He was also carrying a script under his arm, from out of which he presently drew the things that Hudson had given him, gravely laying the knife upon the beaver pelts, and the mirror and buttons on the deer-skins, as though he did not realize them to be presents, taking them rather to be tokens of future benefits.

This simple honesty, and the fact that he had returned as he had promised, so reassured Hudson, that he now felt himself—his communications with the Indians being assured—in a position to drive a good bargain. He had limed the branch and the bird had come to settle. When, therefore, the Indian offered to barter one of the deer-skins for a hatchet, Hudson insisted that the implement was worth both the skins. The native consented to the explorer's exaction at the time, but evidently formed a secret resolution never to come near him again. One authority asserts that he was "badly treated" by Hudson; and although this is improbable, there can be

small doubt that he detected in the overbearing attitude of the Englishman that latent avarice presently to have so great an influence on the fortunes of his race, the same avarice which caused that bold adventurer, Radisson, to fix the price of beaver-skins once and for all by declaring to the Indian spokesman that if he would not agree, he, Radisson, would travel to his country and "eat sagamite out of his grandmother's skull," the very same spirit that showed itself in the directions given by the Governors of Hudson's Bay Company to their factors in the early days, when they found their huge profits were being reduced by inter-tribal warfare. "Tell them," they wrote, "that it doth nothing advantage them to kill and destroy one another, that thereby they may so weaken themselves that the wild, ravenous beasts may grow too numerous for them and destroy them that survive," directions that were soon replaced by others, instructing the agents to refuse to supply the nation beginning the next fight with powder and shot, "which will expose them to their enemies which will have the master of them, and quite destroy them from the earth, them and their wives, and children."

As the native never returned, Hudson and his men were once more thrown upon their own resources. James Bay was now almost free of ice, and Hudson sent Greene, Wilson, Perse, Thomas, Motter, Mathues, and Lodlo out in the shallop to fish. Here were some brave fishermen to go casting nets in this Sea of Galilee! The first day their draught of fishes numbered five hundred, made up of trout and some other kind "as big as herring." Immediately they assumed that their anxiety on the score of food was at an end. It was said afterwards that Hudson, had he shown prudence, would have begun salting down fish for the return voyage. Every one was profoundly relieved. "They were in some hope to have our wants supplied and our commons mended."

Alack ! Their confidence was premature. Try as they might after that day, their efforts were never rewarded with the same plenty. Food once more became scarce, and some of these fishermen began to contemplate leaving the ship, as rats leave a granary when they see the corn sifting out of the last sack. For you may be certain that the heads of Henry Greene and William Wilson were not occupied with any nice theological disputations, as they stood to let down their nets. The plan devised by Wilson was " to steal awaye " the shallop, which had recently been got ready by Staffe, and to escape to some place where hungry mouths were less plentiful. This they undoubtedly would have done, had not Hudson, before their plan could be put into execution, suddenly announced that he himself intended to use the small boat in an excursion of his own, towards the south-west, where, because of the smoke that he saw, he knew there must be natives.

Hudson, giving instructions to the men left behind in the ship to occupy themselves by taking in water, wood, and ballast, set out, carrying with him the fishing net and a supply of victuals to last him eight or nine days. He named no definite day for his return. He seems to have rowed away with the conviction that he would be able to get in touch with the Indians, who, living comparatively settled lives under their moose-hide tents, would be in a position to supply him with flesh, and " that a great store." We cannot but think that he acted unwisely in removing himself from the " Discovery," and so many of his men at so critical a juncture. It gave the starved sailors the opportunity they wanted for meditating evil.

Hudson's expedition proved a complete failure. He found it impossible to come up with the savages, who evaded him at every turn, actually setting the woods on fire in his very sight. After several days he returned to

the ship, utterly discouraged. For little or no reason, save his own ill-humour, he seems at this time to have committed the grave error of deposing Bylot from his position as mate and placing John King, the quartermaster, in his place. We can hardly doubt that in doing this he was playing into the hands of the malcontents. With Bylot disaffected, those in favour of mutiny were in a stronger position than ever. Certain words they uttered as they got the ship ready for leaving its winter haven have been preserved for us, words muttered by ragged sailors holding to the lanyards or standing by the capstan bars. John King was an ignorant man, who could neither read nor write, and yet it was he who was now in Hudson's confidence. With scant provisions on board, they weighed anchor on June 12th, the men with many an oath declaring "that the master and his ignorant mate would carry the ship whither the master pleased."

HUDSON STRAIT AND BAY.

This map illustrates Hudson's fourth and last voyage. The red lettering denotes names used by Hudson. In the preparation of this sheet reference was made to Mr. Miller Christy's map bound in the 'Voyages of Foxe and James' published by the Hakluyt Society.

The 'Furious Overfall' often mentioned is Lomles Inlet.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MUTINY

EFORE sailing Hudson had taken stock of the provisions that were left. He collected what bread remained, and divided it amongst the men with his own hands ; and the share of each man came to one pound, " and hee wept when hee gave it unto them." He also sent the boat out once more to see what could be caught in the net ; but it came back, after having been gone two days, with only four-score small fish, " a poore reliefe for so many hungry bellies."

As soon as they sailed, the demand for food again became pressing ; and this time, " to stop a gap," he brought out what cheese remained, and divided it into equal portions, which came to three and a half pounds for seven days. The crew believed that there were more cheeses in the storeroom than had been divided. Hudson apportioned the cheeses all at one time, because he found they were not of one goodness, and in this way he thought to insure to each man an equal share of the good and the bad. The plan did not prove a success, because when the food was once in the men's possession, nothing could restrain some of them from eating up their fortnight's ration in one or two days. Greene, for example, gave his ration to one of his mates, to keep for him, but presently demanded it of him again and devoured it. William Wilson ate the whole of his allowance in a single day, and " laid in bed two or three days for his labour."

It seems that Hudson, during this critical time, still cherished his purpose of continuing the search for the North-West Passage. They fell in with a wide sea, "agitated by mighty tides from the north west," and immediately he became obsessed by his old passion. "This circumstance," writes one chronicler, "inspired Hudson with great hope of finding a passage, and his officers were quite ready to undertake a further search; but the crew, weary of the long voyage, and unwilling to continue it, bethought themselves of the want of victuals." And, in truth, the suspicion that extra supplies were being held back was poisoning the men's minds.

Hudson also seems to have believed that the men had certain stores of food concealed in their cabins, and to prove this suspicion he sent the ship's boy, Nicholas Syms, to search their sea-chests, and there were brought to him as many as thirty cakes. With the temper of the sailors so uncertain, it was extremely impolitic of Hudson to take such a drastic step. We know how Juet had acted when his pillow was stolen by the Red Indian, and we can guess how little he relished having his private locker looked over by a cabin boy.

The mutual distrust that now pervaded the ship was not improved by the fact that Hudson had in the boat certain favourites, amongst them the young surgeon, whom he used to ask into his cabin, to enjoy, so the hungry men imagined, ampler fare. Indeed, it seems almost certain that Hudson did not act with complete honesty over the distribution of the remaining stores. Afterwards, in their evidence, the mutineers affirmed that he had "a scuttle" between his cabin and the hold, through which he could receive separate supplies "to serve his own turn." The matter came to a head through the simplicity of Philip Staffe, who, being approached by Wilson to explain "why the master should so favour to give meate to some of the companie,

and not to the rest," answered in justification of Hudson's action that "it was necessary that some of them should be kepte upp." We can guess the effect that those innocent words had upon the consciousness of Wilson. "It was necessary that some should be kepte upp!" So that was the idea, was it! But if some were to be "kepte upp," what was to happen to Robert Juet, Greene, and the rest of them? That was the question that offered itself for consideration in out-of-the-way corners of the deck, in the darkened gangways, and in ill-ventilated bunks.

On Saturday night, June 23rd, while the "Discovery" was moored in ice, Wilson and Greene entered Prickett's cabin. There, in the confined space of that dim cubicle, with choked water of the great bay murmuring and lapping on the other side of a few inches of sound English oak, was conveyed to the intelligence of the serving-man one of the foulest plots that has ever defiled the records of exploration. In hushed voices the conspirators told how they and their associates were determined to put Hudson and the impotent men out of the ship into the shallop, "and let them shift for themselves." The two declared that they had not eaten for three days, and at best there was not left more than a fortnight's victuals for all the company; and as for themselves, "they would go through with it, or dye."

Though Abacuk Prickett was weak in the legs, his mind was as clear as ever. He expressed his astonishment at what had been communicated to him and appealed to the two men, for the sake of their wives and children, "not to commit so foule a thing in the sight of God and man as that would bee." Bachelor Greene, after listening to this pious "chat" for a few minutes, told him to hold his peace; for that "as the master was resolved to overthrow all," he knew it to be a matter of starving or hanging, and of the two he preferred to risk the gallows.

They then imparted to Prickett the comfortable news that it had been decided by the ring-leaders that he would be allowed to remain on the ship, at which Prickett began to mutter something about not having come into the ship for the purpose of mutiny. They countered him by saying that if he felt like that about the matter, perhaps it would be best for him after all to try his luck in the shallop. To which the worthy Prickett answered, "The will of God be done." Greene, at that pietistical utterance, lost his temper and flung out of the cabin, swearing that he would cut the throat of any man who double-crossed them. The boatswain remained, telling Prickett "that he intended to goe on with the action whilst it was hot," and explaining that it was too late now to change their plans, seeing that if what they plotted came to Hudson's ears, they themselves might be served with the same mischief they were devising for the others.

In a little while, back came Greene, to enquire whether Prickett had been won over. To whom Wilson answered, "He is in his old song, still patient." Prickett again attempted to reason with them, pleading with them to delay the execution of their plan for three days, for two days, for twelve hours, adding that if they would only wait till the following Monday, he would then join with them in insisting upon having the provisions of the ship equally divided. He told them that he suspected that "it was some worse matter that they had in mind," seeing that they were impatient to carry through their deed at such a time of night. Whereupon Henry Greene, the professed freethinker, to prove that it was not "bloud and revenge hee sought," took up the Bible that Prickett ever kept near his bedside, and swore on his oath that "hee would doe no man harme, and what he did was for the good of the voyage, and for nothing else."

The other mutineers now came in and did likewise,

each swearing to keep a promise which itself was nothing but a sanctimonious prevarication. There they stood together, those secretive and bloody-minded mariners, each vying with the other in assurances that there was no evil in the murder they planned. The old man Juet, whose skill and judgement they relied upon for their return voyage, went so far as to assert that he, when he reached England, would justify the deed. John Thomas and Michael Perse took the false oath, and after them Bennett Mathues and Adrian Motter. When these last two appeared, Prickett asked them "if they were well advised what they had taken in hand," and they answered him that they were, "and therefore came to take the oath." After all this, we can hardly be blamed for sharing the opinion of that hearty cheerful Yorkshire captain, Luke Foxe, or North-West Foxe, as he liked to call himself, who had met Prickett face to face, and who ends his observations with regard to him by saying, "Well, Prickett, I am in great doubt of thy fidelity to Master Hudson!"

Prickett was now curious to know what other members of the crew would presently appear in his cabin to take his famous oath. But no one else came. The exact words that Prickett had invented for the men to say were: "You shall sweare truth to God, your prince and countrie: you shall doe nothing, but to the glory of God and the good of the action in hand, and harme to no man."

Remembered long afterwards, in retrospect those whispering midnight hours, so critical, nay, so fateful, were able to impart even to Prickett's graphic style a new glamour. "It was darke," he writes, "and they in readinesse to put this deed of darknesse in execution. . . . Now every man would go to his rest, but wickednesse sleepeth not."

They at first feared that John King, the new mate,

was with Hudson, but were reassured to learn that he was talking with Staffe, who was sleeping "on the poope," and immediately Bylot was sent to meet him, as if by chance, so as to get him if possible into his cabin. Henry Greene, meanwhile, kept company with Hudson, watching over him like a death-house jailor, lest he, growing suspicious, should take steps to prevent the villainy they had in hand. Only once did he leave him, and then to bring to the mutineers a piece of bread that the cabin boy had given him. Well can we see him haunting the sleeping man, this dangerous and depraved youth whose black lawless spirit knew naught of pity.

And the dreamer, what dreamed he? Did his mind escape out of the coffined bunk? Did his spirit, under the dispensation of sleep, see before its unawakened eyes the Golden Gates of the East, which had for so many years haunted his imagination? Did the disembodied sprite of this slumbering seaman tread once more the wooden wharfs of Amsterdam, or emerge from Peahen Alley into Bishopsgate, or sail again in happy fancy up the great river he had discovered, with the cool autumn smells of the unmeasured hillside forests fresh in his nostrils?

The cabin arrangements of the "Discovery" were as follows: In the ship's kitchen lay the cook, Bennett Mathues, with Silvanus Bond, the cooper, who was crippled. Next to them were Wydowse and Syracke Fanner, the one sick and the other lame; next to them, the surgeon and John Hudson; next to them, Wilson and Arnold Lodlo. In the gun-room lay Robert Juet and John Thomas. On the larboard-side lay Michael Butt and Adame Moore, and near to them Michael Perse and Adrian Motter. Outside the gun-room lay John King and Robert Bylot, and Prickett and Francis Clemens. Amidships, between "the capstone and the pumpes,"

slept Nicholas Syms, with the empty berth of Henry Greene at his side.

And while the small tunnelled ship rocked to and fro at anchor, on the perfect balance of her keel, the whisperers with restless impatience awaited the coming of the dawn, awaited the hour when their vigil would be over, and they would be free to perpetrate their crime without further fear of surprise. The death-watch beetle was silent; no scratch was heard from the tiny feet of the bugs, as, led by an obscure instinct, with the utmost deliberation they moved from one dark beam to another. No sound was made by the deep-swimming fish, as they touched with their blunt noses the slippery keelson far under the ice-bearing water. All was stillness. Treachery and slumber lying together had brought forth silence.

And then, as the first indications of sunrise appeared over Charlton Island and over the cold stretches of water that lay between the ship and the eastern shores of the great bay, there was audible in each wan chamber the cheerful familiar sound of Mathues, the cook, going out, kettle in hand, to fetch water from the butts. This was the signal. John King was beguiled into entering the hold, and the bolt of its door slipped fast upon him. Greene and another went on deck, to divert the attention of Philip Staffe "with a talk"; for although they had no intention of putting him out of the ship, they did not feel at all certain as to how he might act in the face of open rebellion.

Henry Hudson now came out of his cabin. Immediately the sound of a scuffle was heard. John Thomas and the cook had leapt upon him, and before he had time to resist, Wilson, from behind, had pinioned him with a rope. The Portsmouth surgeon, hearing a noise, looked out of his door. He shouted to Hudson, to ask what was happening, and Hudson answered that they had bound him. Immediately the mutineers turned upon

Wilson, and enquired of him if he was well ; and when he answered that he was well, then they said to him, with the sinister reticence of dangerous men, that " yf he were well he should keepe himself soe." Hudson now asked the men what they intended, and they answered him that he would know " when he was in the shallop."

The moment for swift action had come. The shallop was hauled alongside the ship, and Hudson was put into it, under the care of Bennett Mathues and John Thomas. Many of the men were ignorant as to what had been arranged. Bylot, who kept himself below deck, afterwards declared that he was under the impression that they intended to hold Hudson in the shallop only for as long a while as they would take to search the vessel for food.

To the majority it was " utterlye unknowen who should goe or who should tarrye," Greene, Wilson, and Juet acting as " affection or rage did guide them in that furye." Greene, for example, now that Mathues and Thomas were in the shallop, had a mind that they should stay there ; and he would have carried this double treachery through, had not Silvanus Bond and Francis Clemens, realizing what he was up to, had them back " with much adoe," and forced Arnold Lodlo and Michael Butt to take their places, men who, only a few moments before, had themselves been railing against Hudson.

" The authors and executors " of the plot now seized upon Wydowse, who had sufficient imagination to envisage what was in store for him, and went to his doom " in the greatest distress," calling out that they could have his keys and share his goods, if only they would allow him to remain on board. He was followed by Adame Moore and Syracke Fanner, mariners too sick to make trouble, and also by John Hudson.

While Greene, with oaths and curses, was superintending matters on deck, Robert Juet had gone down to the hold to bring up John King, but the old man had undertaken more than he could manage, for no sooner had he slipped the bolt back than he was attacked by the former quartermaster, who had his sword with him, and held Juet at bay, and would have killed him had not other mutineers come to his rescue and helped him to get King on deck and out into the shallop.

Meanwhile, Prickett had crawled from his cabin and put his head above the hatch which, when the mutineers saw, they told him "to keep *himself* well" and get back again to where he came from, neither suffering him to speak to Hudson nor giving heed to his ejaculations that besought them, "for the love of God, to remember themselves, and to doe as they would be done unto." Prickett retreated, consoling his uneasy conscience by repeating to himself a favourite text, "There are many devices in the heart of man, but the counsell of the Lord shall stand." From the familiar security of his bunk, however, he did manage to call to Hudson in the shallop, using the horne (window) which gave light into my "cabbin," to tell him that it was the villain Greene, and not Juet, who was at the bottom of the business, and "I spake it," he records with no little complacence, "not softly."

The shallop had now been manned to the satisfaction of the mutineers. But it was destined to hold yet one other. Philip Staffe, the Ipswich carpenter, who seems at first hardly to have understood, now delivered himself of his simple commentary upon the proceedings that were taking place. This honest man, from the banks of the River Gipping, had not heard the bells of St. Mary-at-Key "knoll to church" for nothing. He knew what was right, and what was wrong—no one better; and he

was not a man who could be easily budged from the narrow path. Rough and illiterate as he was, he became gradually aware that his own personal pride was in some way involved by what was happening. It is true that he was at liberty—at liberty, and yet at the same time bound by a stouter and more inextricable sailor's knot than could ever have been contrived by the quick fingers of young Master Greene. To his unsophisticated intelligence there seemed no doubt as to his present duty. Suddenly, deep down in the heart of this rude man, born and bred in Suffolk clay, the celebrated categorical imperative of Immanuel Kant became audible ; and he turned upon the mutineers, and in the curious dialect of East Anglia, told them plainly what was in his mind. "As for himselfe, hee said, hee would not stay in the ship unlesse they would force him." Let him have his chest of carpenter's tools and be damned to them, for he chose rather to commit himself to God's mercy and "for the love of the Master go down into the shallop, than with such villaines to accept of likelier hopes." The mutineers could not dissuade him from his purpose, and down he went into the doomed boat, with his chest, his musket, some meal, and an iron pot.

And now, the shallop still being in tow, they stood out of the ice ; and when they were nearly out of it, "they cut her head fast from the stern of the ship," and with top-sails up, steered away into an open sea, leaving their captain and his son, with seven poor sailors, abandoned and exposed, "without food, drink, fire, clothing, or other necessaries," in the great unexplored bay. There he sat in the tiny boat, dressed "in a motley gown," the possessed sea-captain who had sailed to the North, and sailed to the East, and sailed to the West in his endeavour to find a passage through the ice-bound ramparts of the planet itself. There he sat, this dreamer, in his coat of many colours, until to the eyes of the mutineers,

who watched the shallop grow smaller and smaller in the wake of their stolen vessel, he became a mote, a speck, a nothing, lost to sight on the unresting waves of the wharfless wilderness that had been by him, so resolutely, so desperately discovered.

CHAPTER XXIV

CAPTAIN GREENE

OW that the deed was done, and the mutineers were free to act as they wished, a curious paroxysm of licence seems to have passed over the ship, the sailors behaving like robbers who have slain the goodman of the house.

All was at their disposal. There was not a square foot of that floating hostel that was left unrummaged. The scuttle used by Hudson was open to inspection by all. The chests of the poor sely sailors, who had been herded into the boat like so many bell-wethers, lame with foot-rot, were broken into and rifled.

One of the mariners looked in upon Prickett—who remained in his bunk listening to the sound of heavy boots going to and fro " as if the ship had been entered by force "—and enquired of him " what they should do." To which the affronted Bible-reader answered, doubtless chafing at his enforced imprisonment, that " hee should make an end of what he had begun," for he adds, " I saw him doe nothing but sharke up and down."

While this savage ramshackle pandemonium was in progress, they took in their top-sails, and contented themselves with righted helm to " lying under the fore-sayle." In the hold they found more food than even they had expected, food that had probably been kept back by Hudson as a last store against his continued search for the Passage. It consisted of one and a half vessels of

meal, two firkins of butter, twenty-seven pieces of pork, and half a bushel of peas. When they entered Hudson's cabin, they discovered not only the scuttle "made from owte his cabin into the hold," but also two hundred ship's biscuits, and aqua-vitae, and as much as a butt of beer.

While they were occupied in this empty cabin, which still retained all the signs of having been so recently tenanted by their master, a cry arose that the shallop was in sight again; and immediately, like the guilty men that they were, "they let fall the main-sayle, and out with their top-sayles, and fly as from an enemy." It is possible that Hudson and the abandoned sailors did for a short time endeavour to follow the ship northward; for, before getting into the shallop with his iron pot, Staffe had managed to have a word with Prickett, and the two men had arranged that if either of them reached Digges Island, they would leave some token there, "neare to the place where the fowles bred." If Hudson did cling to this hope, it was only for a little time; for Bylot definitely declared, in his testimony before the High Court of Admiralty, that he last saw the shallop heading "to the southward."

This man, Robert Bylot, who, it is interesting to note, never accused Hudson of deliberate wrong-doing, now had charge of the "Discovery." It had been the opinion of Hudson "that there was not one in all the ship that could tell how to carry her home"; and this remained to be proved. Prickett still tried to reason with the men; but William Wilson, more than any other, would not hear of taking up the abandoned sailors. If the "Discovery" could not reach England, he, and Greene, and Thomas, had a mind to run up the black flag and turn pirate.

And so the good ship "Discovery" sailed northward, along the east coast of the bay, past the Baker's Dozens,

past the Sleepers and the Belchers, manned by a crew dressed in the tattered clothes of their deserted mates. Presently they came to an island, where they tried to fish, but could not, because of "rocks and great stones." There Michael Perse killed two birds; and they also gathered an abundance of a certain green herb which in their wintering place they had called "cockle-grasse," and which was a cochleária, or kind of rock-weed, which grows in mud near the seashore. They remained anchored there for a night and half a day, but saw no more of the shallop.

Henry Greene then went to Prickett and told him to take charge of Hudson's cabin, giving him the keys of Hudson's chest, and instructing him, not only to deal out what provisions remained, but also to have under his care Hudson's journal and charts. Greene had put Hudson's best things aside for himself, to use, as he told Prickett, "when time did serve." Prickett thought it would have been more fitting that Juet should have taken upon himself this unenviable position; but Greene answered that Juet should not enter Hudson's cabin, "nor meddle with the master's card or journals."

Indeed, the mutineers had spared Prickett's life for no other reason than that they felt confidence in his power of presenting the authorities with a plausible and well-contrived story when they should reach England. Their confidence was not misplaced, for his "larger discourse," which eventually fell into the hands of Purchas, through Prickett's master, is, as an apologetical essay, extremely clever. Probably we owe the destruction of the greater part of Hudson's own journal to Prickett's foresight. In all likelihood he acted the part of a kind of head censor of the written material that was allowed to return in the ship to England; all that was overlooked being a scrap of paper that probably, owing to the illiterate ignorance of the ransackers, had remained unnoticed in the writing-

desk of the mathematician—a scrap of paper that, though not exactly incriminating, has yet given to the historian many a clue to those seeds of dissension that were eventually to bring to birth such calamitous fruit.

They now once more weighed anchor, and, under the direction of Bylot, sailed north-east. This was contrary to Juet's judgement, who held that their correct course should be more to the north-west. As far as it was possible to do so, they kept the eastern shore in sight, but presently ran into more ice. "We ranne from thin to thicke, till we could goe no further for ice, which lay so thicke ahead of us (and the wind brought it after us asterne) that we could not stirre backward or forward." There they lay "embayed" for a fortnight, with ice "that continued miles and half-miles about them." Meanwhile the dispute went on as to their best sailing direction, Juet still asserting that they should steer to the north-west, while Bylot remained confident that they ought to keep on towards the north-east. And this they did when they got free of the ice. Presently they came to four islands, perhaps not far from Portland Promontory; and again a party went on shore, only to be rewarded, however, with more cockle-grass.

Prickett was already discovering that the task which had been imposed upon him was likely to bring him into trouble. Henry Greene seems more and more to have dominated the company; and Prickett presently learnt that he had been "kept in the ship against Henry Greene's mind," a revelation that he found far from reassuring, especially as the young scapegrace, whom the sailors now called "Captain," began "very subtly" to try to involve him in a search "for those things which he himself had stolen," and to undo him with the charge of dishonesty, particularly with regard to "thirty cakes" that had mysteriously disappeared.

Bylot from this time began to keep his own log-book,

a copy of which is still preserved at Trinity House Perhaps it was this regular and orthodox proceeding that alarmed Greene, and made him swear that the "Discovery" "should not come into any place (but keep to the sea still) till he had the kings majesties hand and seale to show for his safetie." They next sighted, off the mouth of Mosquito Bay, the islands that Hudson had named after Rebecca, Lady Rumney, who had been one of the promoters of his venture. They were still skirting the east shore, and presently ran on a rock. However, as far as could be seen, no great harm was done. A little later they sighted land that seemed to stretch out ahead of them to the north ; and some of the mutineers immediately concluded that they had passed the two capes they were seeking. Bylot, however, still insisted that their course was correct, declaring that "he hoped in God, to find somewhat to relief them that way as soone as to the south."

It is evident that throughout this voyage most of the men were completely at a loss as to where they were. Their only hope was that they might suddenly sight those two lofty bird-haunted cliffs, whose features they remembered, and which, they knew, guarded the entrance of the great inland sea where they were now so hopelessly lost. The suspicion that they had already passed those two proud promontories added still more confusion to their already confused conjectures as to their exact position. Juet swore that it was impossible that they could have come this way "unlesse the master had brought the ship over land, and advised them to look more closely into Hudson's chart."

Prickett and Bylot alone seem to have had some idea as to their true bearings, the latter declaring that the land they saw was "the mayne of Worsenhome Cape," because he recognized "that the shallow rockie ground was the same that the master went downe by, when they went into the great bay." The Master! They had no

Master! Worse off than they had ever been, they beat along the coast in an evil plight. Twice they sent the boat ashore; and, behold, those bloody carnivorous men were fain to fill their bellies with cockle-grass! Except for a great narwhal's horn they found nothing but this grass; and if such vegetable nourishment had been lacking, they would scarcely have reached the Capes alive.

At last, to their infinite joy, they saw them—Cape Digges and Cape Wolstenholme, dim at first, but growing every moment clearer and clearer, as the lost ship drove its way through the waters of the forlorn sea. There they stood, those two magnificent monuments, guarding the southern entrance to the Bay, with the wild-fowl, just as the year before, circling about them, their white wings flashing in the sunlight, as with a turn of the head and an effortless motion they rose from their nests, to poise their buoyant bodies in the bright sea air, high above the square wind-driven wave furrows, that hour after hour, day after day, formed and vanished and formed again.

As they were coming through "the little straight," late in the evening, they ran on a rock, and remained stranded on it till four o'clock the following morning, when a "flood" came from the westward and set them afloat again. They made a great deal of this adventure, on their return, "as a very probable argument of an open passage into the South Sea." Indeed, Sir Dudley Digges alluded to this "flood" in his book with all the pride of an owner. "Our straights," he writes, "showed a great and hollow billow and brought a flood that rose 5 faddome."

That morning, July 27th, they sent the boat out, and the men who manned it managed to kill some thirty birds; though, as the ship, for fear of the rocks, was riding at anchor far from the shore, much of their time

was occupied in the mere labour of rowing. The next day, therefore, they sailed to the north of the strait and brought the "Discovery" nearer in, hoping to locate the exact place where before they had noticed the birds breeding. This they did, and the following day sent the boat to the shore. But before it had touched land, suddenly round a point to the eastward appeared several native canoes, manned by fifty or sixty savages. The wandering Eskimos seem to have been just as excited and surprised as were the mutineers. They immediately drew together, taking their little canoes into their big canoes, and then paddled towards the English, "making signs to the west."

At first the sailors were suspicious. But after the savages had stood by them for a little, and had made gestures of friendly communication, they became reassured, and actually allowed one of their number to be rowed to the Eskimo tents which stood in a cove nearby. In exchange for this hostage the sailors took into their boat a savage, who presently, when they had landed at the place where the wild-fowl built, showed them how it was possible to catch the birds when they were sitting on their eggs, by means of a long pole with a noose attached to one end of it. Not to be outdone, the sailors must needs let off one of their muskets, and with a single shot killed seven or eight gulls, so easy was it for them to demonstrate the superiority of their invention—of that invention destined to have so far-reaching an influence on the history of every continent, upsetting the natural balance of power, and proving again and again that it is hopeless to pit moral qualities against the monstrous régime of machinery. For this combustible ingredient of matter, invented by the Chinese, by the Friar of the Fosse Way near Ilchester—who is able to predict an end to its illicit and appalling power?

After they had got what birds they wanted, they went

to the cove to pick up their mate ; and the natives came out of their tents, making the liveliest demonstrations of affection, " dancing and leaping and stroking their breasts," and offering presents to the sailors, of skins and furs and walrus teeth. In appearance they were described as being " bigge-boned, broad-faced, flat-nosed, and small-footed, like the Tartars."

That evening the mutineers were in the highest spirits. In vain Hudson had tried to get in touch with the inhabitants of those wild lands, and yet here, by an accident, by a very chance, *they* had met with " the most simple and kind people in the world."

CHAPTER XXV

DIGGES ISLAND

OBODY was more elated by this fortunate contingency than was Henry Greene, who imagined, because of the friendliness of the natives, that their troubles with regard to food were now at an end.

The next morning they brought the ship still closer into land, and made what haste they could to get to shore in their small boat. Prickett, lame as he was, went with them, having had instructions to take from Hudson's cabin certain articles for barter. With many an oath they at last got away from the ship, Prickett, Henry Greene, William Wilson, John Thomas, Michael Perse, and Adrian Motter. They rowed to the cove where the natives were camped, and made the boat fast to a great stone near some rocks on its east side. Down to them came the savages, "leaping and dancing," as they had done the day before. Each sailor had in his hand something or another to exchange with them; but Greene forbade them to part with anything until the venison that had been promised by signs the day before should be produced. The Eskimos answered his demands by pointing to the mountain behind, and calling to their dogs, perhaps of that same exceptional breed that had been remarked by Captain Davis, "mongrels as bigge as hounds," but furnished with "pizzles of stone."

All the men, except Prickett, were now out of the

boat. Greene, Wilson, and Thomas stood nearby, holding communication with the natives, while Perse and Motter clambered up the rocks gathering sorrel. Except for Greene, who had a broken pike in his hand, they were unarmed. No treachery was suspected. Wilson and Greene, like hucksters at a country fair, were occupied in displaying their trifles—looking-glasses, Jews' harps, and bells. Meanwhile, one of the Eskimos, disengaging himself from the group, stepped into the water and approached Prickett as though to show him something. Prickett, who because of his lameness had been left to look after the boat, made signs to him to go back to the shore. The savage, however, still advanced, pretending that he did not understand. Prickett then stood up in the boat, "in his long gowne," and pointed at him to go back to the land, which he did. At the same time a second Eskimo had stolen into the water from the other side. Prickett had no sooner settled himself down at the bottom of the boat, with the lazy self-indulgence of a sick man, than he suddenly caught sight of the foot and leg of a human being already over the gunwale behind him. This unexpected vision roused him from his reverie ; and at the same instant he realized that the intruder was reaching over his head to stab him with a knife. With an instinctive motion of self-protection, Prickett threw up his right arm, and was just in time to divert the blow, which merely grazed his chest, "under my right pappe." Foiled in his first attempt, the native struck twice more. The third blow wounded Prickett's thigh and almost severed his little finger from his left hand.

By this time, however, the powerful lame landsman was able to close with his assailant; and winding the string of his knife round his own hand, he began pushing the Eskimo away, whom he found "weake in the gripe (God enabling me)." So weak, indeed, was the savage,

that the muscular servant found it possible to get his right hand free, and with this advantage began looking about for some weapon, with which, in his turn, to strike his opponent, the savage's left side, as he held him down in the boat, being unprotected. Suddenly he remembered the small Scotch dirk that he wore on his hip ; and snatching it out of its sheath, he drove it into the man's throat.

While this scuffle was taking place, the men on land were also being attacked. Those little people of the North knew well, from their experience in hunting seals, that no part of the body is more vulnerable than the belly ; so that John Thomas and William Wilson both had "their bowels cut out." Michael Perse and Henry Greene were also wounded, and came tumbling into the boat as best they could. Meanwhile, Adrian Motter, who was still searching for sorrel, seeing what was taking place, rushed down over the rocks and leaped into the sea, wading and swimming, till he had hold of the stern of the boat, where Michael Perse, hatchet in hand, was covering the retreat.

Still the savages pressed upon them. Greene cried, "Coragio," and, wounded though he was, laid about him with his pike-staff. Perse sent one native sprawling into the water with a blow from his hatchet. All was confusion. Prickett kept calling to get the boat round ; Adrian Motter kept crying to be taken in. Eventually they got Motter out of the water, and, with the help of Perse, Prickett managed to turn the head of the boat and get her clear of the shore. The natives now had resort to their bows. The first flight of arrows killed Greene, wounded Perse, and transfixed Prickett with "a cruel wound in my back." Once the prow of the boat was round, Motter and Perse seized the oars and began rowing away as fast as they could. The natives now ran to their boats, and it looked to Prickett as if they intended to launch them. As ill luck would have it,

the rocky cove could not be seen from the "Discovery," so that they might have been overtaken, capsized, and murdered, without Bylot or Juet knowing anything about it. Away they rowed; but they had no sooner got in sight of the ship, than Michael Perse fainted. Adrian Motter now stood up in the boat and waved, but for some time no notice was taken of his signals. "But in the end they stood for us, and tooke us up."

Here was a day's work. In the place of a boatful of venison, Bylot, Juet, the ship's cook, and the rest of them, had to receive on board a cargo of men, dying and wounded. Greene's corpse, limp and senseless in death, was not even taken into the "Discovery." They threw it into the sea from the boat, where it was left to be pecked at by screaming gulls and examined at the bottom of Hudson Bay by the inhuman inquisitive eyes of unfastidious lobsters. As Prickett characteristically remarked, "he made reckoning to receive great matters from these people, he received more than he looked for, and that suddenly."

The savage who had been stabbed by Prickett was still alive, though unconscious. The sailors looked at the knife he had used with interest, and concluded that it was of the same make as those used in Java. He and John Thomas died that day, as did also William Wilson, "swearing and cursing in a most fearful manner." Michael Perse followed them two days later.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE RETURN OF THE MUTINEERS

HEY were now in a worse case than ever. Only nine out of the original crew remained alive—Bylot, Prickett, Edward Wilson, Juet, Clemens, Mathues, Bond, Motter, and the boy Nicholas Syms, and these were sick and half-starved. Obviously it was necessary for them to land somewhere else on Digges Island, in order to get what birds they could for the replenishment of their stores, against their voyage across the Atlantic.

With great danger to the ship from rocks, they stood close in to the island, while the boat made two journeys to land. By this means they managed to procure three hundred birds ; and with these provisions, salted down, they set sail through the strait, keeping as near as possible to the northern shore. On August 7th they passed a whale playing, and two days later they made the Saddleback Islands, which Hudson had named the " Islands of God's Mercie." The strait, as is usually the case in the month of August, was practically free of ice ; and within a fortnight they had effected the passage, which on the outward voyage had taken them five weeks. On August 16th they came upon an island, somewhere between Cape Hatton and Cape Chidley, " till we were readie to runne our bowsprite against the rockes in a fogge." From this island, which was perhaps Button

Island, they sailed to the south-east coast of Greenland, and from there steered for Ireland.

Presently they met with contrary winds ; and Robert Juet would have had them direct their course to Newfoundland, assuring the crew that they would find relief for their distress through the fishermen who frequented that land, either from the men themselves or, if they were not there, from the provisions of bread and fish that they would have left behind them. Prickett, however, counselled Bylot to continue sailing as best he could towards the coast of Ireland, where " we knew corne grew." So on they went in their brig, too exhausted to wash the blood from the deck or from the dead men's bedding, eight men and a boy starved and derelict ! Perhaps it was reading the account of this appalling " middle passage " that, nearly two hundred years later, helped to stir the imagination of Coleridge when he wrote *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.

Before they left the strait, they were rationed to half a bird a day, with a little meal. The birds they skinned with knives because they would not " pull " ; and Juet discovered that by burning the feathers of the discarded skins, it was still possible to get from them a little putrefying sustenance, and this became " a great dish of meate," not even the garbage being neglected.

But worse was to follow ! They finished the meal, and Bennett Mathues went about collecting the bones of the birds, "to fry them with candle greese till they were crisp, when with vinegar put to them they made a good dish." A pound of candles and a portion of vinegar were now delivered to each man to last him a week. Juet soon began to declare that they were nearing Ireland, though in actual fact they were still far off. The men were so weak that they could not stand at the helm, " but were fain to sit." And still they sailed eastward, and yet no land appeared ; and then the men, disheartened and

desperate, began to swear that they had passed Ireland. They lay about on the deck, watching " the fore-sayle or mayne-sayle fly up to the tops, the sheets being either flowne or broken," too listless to try to mend matters, or even to call to others to do so. Robert Bylot " was driven to look to their labour as well as his own." Then Juet died " for mere want " and they ate seaweed, and yet there was no sign of land. Carried forward by sails that hung on the spars like " brown skeletons of leaves," they advanced from horizon to horizon over the limitless wastes of the Atlantic, the wretched men no longer caring " which end went forward."

Then suddenly there they were in the far distance, the green fields of Galway ! Slowly they beat up towards them. A fishing-boat appeared, and they hailed her. John Waymouth, a fisherman from Fowey in Cornwall, was her master ; and this man brought them into Berehaven in Bantry Bay, on September 6th. But even then their difficulties were not at an end ; for the people were poor, and were in no mood to supply those outcast mariners with food for charity. Bylot was compelled to pawn the ship's cable to John Waymouth, and with the money he received for it bought bread, beer, and beef.

It was now that a Captain Taylor came to their assistance, threatening to " presse " or " hang " certain sailors who had refused to help them get back to England. " In conclusion, wee agreed for three pounds ten shillings a man to bring our ship to Plimouth or Dartmouth ; and to give the pilot five pound ; but if the winde did not serve, but they were driven to put into Bristow, they were to have foure pound ten shillings a man and the pilot sixe pound." As it turned out, they were brought into Plymouth, and from there, " with faire winde and weather without stop or stay," they came to the Thames.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE ACQUITTAL

HEN once they had safely come into dock, Robert Bylot, taking Prickett with him, went to report their return to Sir Thomas Smith. It would be natural to suppose that a sharp enquiry would have been immediately instigated against the mutineers ; and it is true that on October 24th, a little over a month after their arrival, they were examined by the Masters of Trinity House, who are reported to have given it as their opinion " that they deserved to be hanged for the same." Also, Edward Wilson, the surgeon, seems to have appeared before the High Court of Admiralty in January of the following year.

The whole issue, however, was confused by Bylot's and Prickett's representations that the North-West Passage had, for all practical purposes, been discovered. They produced Hudson's " card," the very same card which afterwards found its way into the hands of Plancius, and which was published by Hessel Gerritz, in 1612, with a short explanation in Dutch on its back. This chart, except for an imaginary peninsula, which was made to run up into James Bay from the south (formed presumably by Charlton Island, the Twins, and Bear Island) was by far the most accurate survey of those northern regions that had appeared up till that time. It contained, however, no configuration of the western coast of the bay ; and it was on this uncharted quarter

of the newly-discovered sea that the hopes of the merchants now centred with the most lively enthusiasm, an enthusiasm that was increased to a pitch of high excitement by the large talk that the returned sailors made about "the great flood or billow from the west," which on their way home had floated them off the rock near Digges Island. So high, in truth, did the expectations of the merchants rise, that instead of finding the names of Bylot and Prickett and Wilson amongst the state prisoners, we come upon them duly enrolled amongst the two hundred and eighty-eight members of a new company, called The Discoverers of the North-West Passage. This company procured a charter from King James to send out two ships, the "Resolution" and the "Discovery," that "good and luckie ship," as Purchas calls her, under the command of Captain Thomas Button, "to search and find out a passage by the north-west of America to the Sea Sur, commonly called the South Sea."

The new expedition set sail in the following month of May, with Bylot and Prickett as members of its crew, and with its commander asserting that he believed as confidently in the existence of the passage "as I do there is, either between Calais and Dover, or between Holyhead and Ireland," a conviction that was also shared by Hudson's old friends in Holland, who looked soon to hear news of "our abandoned ones," when the ships should return to England, "either by way of the East Indies, or after having transacted their business with the Chinese and Japanese, by the same way." Even when Button's expedition returned unsuccessful the next year, having lost five men on Digges Island, and having spent the winter on the western shore of Hudson Bay, the ardour of the merchants remained unabated. They sent out ship after ship in yearly succession. The little "Discovery" made no less than six recorded voyages into the Arctic seas.

It would appear, however, that the authorities had not forgotten about the mutiny, and only awaited a suitable occasion for bringing the men to trial. On February 7th, a little over a month before he set sail on his second celebrated voyage of discovery in 1616, Bylot was summoned with Prickett to give evidence before the High Court of Admiralty. During the years 1617 and 1618 no expedition was fitted out, perhaps because of William Baffin's confident statement, on his return from this voyage with Bylot, that there was "no passage nor no hope of a passage."

During the month of May in 1617 yet another enquiry was made by the High Court of Admiralty. The fact that no definite verdict had ever been found for or against the mutineers, after so many preliminary investigations, has always seemed extremely unsatisfactory to historians. Dr. Asher surmised, correctly enough, that they got off with little punishment. Janvier writes, "What penalty, or that any penalty, was exacted of those who survived to be tried for Hudson's murder remains unknown. Their ignoble fate is hidden in a sordid darkness: fitly in contrast with his noble fate—that lies retired within a glorious mystery." "What the result of that enquiry was is not known," writes Edgar Mayhew Bacon.

In investigations that have recently been made at the Public Record Office in London, there has been found, in a bundle of papers referring to transactions of the Admiralty Court (Oyer and Terminer), a document, torn and in very bad condition, which in old law-Latin, once and for all, clears up this doubtful point. The secret that has lain for so long hidden, is divulged at last by this old Jacobean parchment with due pomp and majesty. "On which day (July 24th, 1618, exactly seven years after the exposing of Hudson) the triple proclamation as is customary having been made that all

men rest in silence, for the reason that the Lord Justiciaries be about to deal with pleas of the crown, Letters of commission, sealed with the great seal of England, were read throughout with a loud voice. Then, on the Sheriff of the county of Surrey being called forth, there appeared Robert Bellyn, deputy of John Middleton, Esquire, the sheriff aforesaid, and introduced an order to him directed to cause to come forth 24 honest and lawful men of the said County of Surrey to inquire on behalf of our said Lord the King, etc., with a list of those summoned, from whom the following were chosen and sworn, etc."

Abacuk Prickett, Edward Wilson, Bennett Mathues, and Francis Clemens then appeared in the dock, together with certain pirates. They were charged, firstly, with "The ejection of Henry Hudson and John Hudson and others from the ship 'Discovery,' in a boat called a shallop without food or drink and other necessaries and the murder of the same," and, secondly, with "fleeing from justice." The mutineers declared themselves "not guilty" to both accusations, and put themselves "upon the country." The twelve selected honest and lawful men from the county of Surrey forthwith gave in their verdict of "Not Guilty" to both counts. "There are many devices in the heart of man, but the counsel of the Lord shall stand."

For the satisfaction of those readers who are interested in ancient documents, I have caused the essential leaf of this one to be reproduced in facsimile at the back of the book, together with a translation as far as it has been possible, of all five leaves of the tattered memorandum.

Now let us turn to the history of Hudson's own family. We learn that his wife, Katherine Hudson, was left "very poor." One cannot help feeling the greatest sympathy for the wives of those sturdy explorers, who, like Mistress Hudson and Mistress Baffin, "that trouble-

some and impatient woman," sought to extract compensation from the preoccupied merchants who, sitting at ease at home, had derived profits out of the experience and gallantry of these women's husbands.

Three years after Hudson's disappearance, Mistress Hudson applied to the Directors of the East India Company to do something for her youngest son, Richard. The Directors, recognizing their obligation to the memory of the man "who had lost his life in the service of the Commonwealth," entered the boy's name on a ship called the "Samaritan," and at the same time voted the sum of five pounds to be laid out upon "his apparel and necessaries." The boy travelled to Bantam, and afterwards to Japan, acting in the capacity of factor for the Company. He rose high in the service; and after a varied and somewhat ambiguous career, which, at one time brought him into confinement in the "poultry compter" in London, he became the chief representative of the Company in the Bay of Bengal, with a residence at Balasor. He died in 1648, leaving several children, some of whom emigrated to America.

Meanwhile, the good mother, not content with the advantageous opening she had won for her boy, saw no sufficient reason why she herself should not be "as lucky as a calling duck," in the trading ventures that her husband had spent his life in trying to increase. A provocative entry in the East India Company's books reads, "Mrs. Hudson and her indigo"; and, extraordinary as it may seem, this strong-minded housekeeper actually travelled to India, and insisted at Ahmadabad in engaging herself, with special privileges, in the remunerative trade of her late husband's employers, wrangling with the powerful Company as to certain charges on the freightage of her "5 churles of indigo, her quilts, her 37 chuckeryes, and her 46 peeces of Simianaes," with the result that the Company's entries concerning her

terminate significantly enough with the words "end of Mrs. Hudson's tiresome suit." The worthy woman died in 1624, and was buried at St. Botolph, Aldgate, on September 11th of that year. In her will, witnessed by Robert Thomas, Margaret Price, and Dorothy Shawe, "shee gave and bequeathed all her goods and chattels whatsoever to her two sonnes, Oliver Hudson and Richard Hudson equallie to be divided betweene them, but in case the said Richard should not retorne from the East India, that then her sonne Oliver should have all."

From time to time during the century, certain rumours reached England from Hudson Bay. It is recorded, in a memorial of the Hudson's Bay Company, that Captain Zachariah Gillam, the master of the "Nonsuch" ketch, constructed the Company's first factory, Fort Charles, "upon the ruins of a house which had been built there above 60 years before by the English." That the ruins of Staffe's house did actually survive for many years is again proved by this entry in the "diary" of the fur-hunter, Pierre Esprit Radisson, who writes, "We came to the seaside where we finde an olde howse all demolished and battered with boulletts." But more interesting still is the fact that Captain James, who wintered on Charlton Island during the year 1631-1632, actually discovered, driven into the ground to the depth of a foot and a half, above the white sandy shore of Danby Island, a row of stakes that had obviously been sharpened by a European axe, and of about the thickness of a man's arm.

Those stakes almost certainly owed their position and shape to the handiwork of the lusty ship's carpenter from Suffolk, and go to prove that the forsaken men did manage at least to regain land, and that therefore the bones of the navigator found a final resting-place upon some honoured parcel of Canadian ground, and were not, as has often been supposed, left to wash backwards and forwards below the ice, below the dim white abdomens

of cod and halibut, on the floor of "greene ose and grose gravell" of that lorn mediterranean, which, for as long as mortal men remain articulate, or understand the cunning craft of letters, will recall the name of the Captain of the "Hopewell," of the "Half Moon," and of the "Discovery."

APPENDIX

TRANSCRIPTION OF THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENT OF THE VERDICT PASSED UPON THE MUTINEERS.

H.C.A. $\frac{1}{8}$ (2°-6) Admiralty Court, Oyer and Terminer.

PHOTOSTAT No. 1. (Torn and in very bad condition. Membrane 6. Head of document torn away.)

Quo die, facta trina proclamatione, prout moris est, ut omnes silenter acquiescerent eo quod domini Justiciarii placita corone tractaturi sint, Litere Commissionales magno sigillo Anglie sigillate alta voce perlecte fuerunt.

Tunc evocato vicecomite Comitatus Surreie, comparuit Robertus Bellyn, deputatus Johannis Midleton armigeri vicecomitis antedicti, et introduxit mandatum sibi directum ad venire faciendum viginti quatuor probos et legales homines de dicto comitatu Surrie ad inquirendum pro dicto domino nostro Rege, etc., cum catalogo summonitorum. Ex quibus sequentes selecti et jurati fuere.

Videlicet

Michael Nicholson	Jur(atus)		
Johannes Hayman Georgius Dalton Edwardus Jones Willelmus Brookes	Jur(ati)	Johannes Wright Daniel Brooke Thomas Serles Henricus Hawkes	Jur(ati)
Edwardus Coker Willelmus Sands Osmundus Uncles Johannes Gunnary	Jur(ati)	Simon Adams Henricus Serles Johannes Tiers Edwardus Walker	Jur(ati)

Qui Jurati fuere et habent (diem) ad reddendum veredictum suum die Veneris. XXIIII July 1618.

PHOTOSTAT No. 2. (Dorso of leaf. A fragment of the heading only remains.)

Tunc evocato Milite Marescallo Hospitii Regii seu Marescallie comparuit Willelmus Richardson deputatus dicti Marescalli et introduxit mandatum sibi directum ad adducendum omnes piratas et prisones pro Admiralitate sibi commissos una cum catalogo piratarum eosque presentavit, videlicet

Robertum Walsingham } pro spolio navis vocate the "Susan Constance"
Johannem Lucum } portus London.

Willelmum Mortimer } pro captura et spolio navis the "Angell de
Willelmum Austen } Norway."

Richardus Fox } pro captura et spolio navis the "Herringe Mayde"
Richardus Arloby } de Enchasen et interfectione Petri Hanckes Magistri
Nicholas Scott } eiusdem.

Mustafa Turcus

Quo facto prisones sub cautione ad comparendum his die et loco Jurati fuere et eorum fide iussores.

Obacuck Prickett comparuit et triatus erat.
Benettus Mathewe comparuit Franciscus Ashley (Clemens ?) eius fideiussor (four remaining lines illegible).

PHOTOSTAT No. 3. (Top of leaf torn off and names of many of the jury consequently missing. They may be supplied from Photostat. No. 1.)

Georgius Dalton
Edwardus Jones
Willelmus Brookes
Edwardus Coker
Willelmus Sands
Osmundus Uncles
Johannes Wright
Daniel Brooke
Thomas Serles
Henricus Hawkes
Simon Adams
Henricus Serles
Johannes Tiers
Edwardus Walker

Qui reddiderunt veredictum suum in septem billis suis indictamentis contentum et sic dimissi fuere. Quo facto prisones ad barras evocati fuere et interrogati utrum culpabiles erant de seperatis spoliis subsequentibus super quibus indictati fuere primo dicto :

Abacuck Prickett, Edwardus Wilson — pro eiectione Henrici Hudson et aliorum e nave the "Discovery" in cimbam vocatam "a shallop" absque cibo, potu, aut aliis necessariis et murdro eorum.

Robertus Walsingham — pro spolio navis the "Susan Constance" portus London.

Richardus Fox, Richardus Arloby, Nicholaus Scott — pro spolio et abductione navis the "Herringe Mayde" et Murdro Petri Hanckes Magistri.

Willelmus Mortimer, Willelmus Austen, Thomas Cotgrave — pro spolio navis the "Angell de Norway."

Willelmus Austen, Thomas Cotgrave — pro spolio navis incognite de Salcom.

Qui omnes respective interrogati utrum culpabiles fuere de seperatis spoliis predictis responderunt seriatim se non culpabiles esse de spoliis predictis et posuerunt se super patriam.

Tunc evocato vicecomite Surrie Robertus Bellyn dep(utatus) dicti vicecomitis introduxit (rest of the line illegible. The remainder of the leaf has been cut away or lost.)

PHOTOSTAT No. 4. (A fragment of the three lines of the heading only remains.)

Abacuck Prickett, Edwardum Wilson — pro murdro Henrici Hudson, Johannis Hudson et aliorum dixerunt eos non esse culpabiles nec aufugerunt.

Robertum Walsingham — pro spolio navis the "Susan Constance" dixerunt eum esse culpabilem nulla vero bona habuisse.

Richardum Fox, Richardum Arloby, Nicholaum Scott — pro spolio navis the "Herringe Mayde" et murdro Petri Humber (Hanckes?) dixerunt eos esse culpabiles de piratura non de murdro nulla bona vero habuisse.

Willelmum Mortimer, Willelmum Austen, Thomas Cotgrave — pro spolio navis the "Angell de Norway" dixerunt dictum Mortimer esse culpabilem Willelmum Austen et Thomam Cotgrave dixerunt non esse culpabiles.

Willelmum Austen, Thomam Cotgrave — pro spolio et abductione navis de Salcom dixerunt eos non esse culpabiles.

Tunc dicti Robertus Walsingham, Willelmus Mortimer, Richardus Fox, Richardus Arloby, et Nicholaus Scott ut prefertur, culpabiles inventi ad barras evocati fuere, et interrogati quid producere possent quare sententiam mortis contra eos pronuntiare non debent, ac nullo impedimento omnes justiciarii sententiam contra eos pronuntiaverunt, viz. :—quod ad prisoniam . . . educerentur in illum ad tenementum consuetum dictum Wapping ac ibidem suspenderentur usque ad mortem. (The rest of the page illegible.)

Photostat No. 5 of an English Document.

Pirattes arraigned in Southwarck on Friday the XXIIII of July 1618.

Non culp. po. se.[1] Abacuck Prickett non cul. po. se.	Non Culp.	Non culp: neque aufugit.[2] For feloniously pinnioninge and puttinge of Henry Hudson, master of the "Discovery" out of the same shipp with VIII more of his company into a shallopp in the Isl in the partes of America without meate, drink, clothes or other provision whereby they died.
Edward Wilson Francis Clementi		
Non cul. po. se. Cul. ca. nul.[3] Robert Walsingham (and a name obliterated) Confessed by themselves and proved by the depositions of Emanuel Butte, Henry Rochester, John Lee, Christopher Cutbourne, Mathew Ewer, and others.		For taking and spoiling of the "Susan Constance" of London of cloth, leather, calfskins and other goods of merchants of London and Bristol.
Confessed by himself. (Name erased)		For robbinge a Flemish pinck of bred, butter and other things.
Confessed by himself. (Name erased)		For takinge and carringe a supply boat of Newcastle and her lading.
Non cul. po. se. Cul. ca. nul. Confessed by themselves. William Mortimer. Non. cul. po. se. Non cul. William Austen Non cul. po. se. Non cul. Thomas Cotgrave		For taking and carringe away the "Angell of Norway."

[1] Non culpabilis ponit se (super patriam).
[2] Non culpabilis : neque aufugit.
[3] Culpabiles caritas nulla.

Confessed by themselves.

Non cul. po. se.	Non cul.	William Austen	For takinge and carringe away a shipp of Salcom in Devonshire.
Non cul. po. se.	Non cul.	Thomas Cotgrave	

Confessed by themselves and proved by the oath of Peter Johnson who is to give evidence.

Non cul. po. se.	Cul.	Richard Fox	For takinge and carringe away the "Herringe Mayde" of Enchasen and killing of Peter Hanckes master thereof.
Non cul. po. se.	Cul.	Richard Arloby	
Non cul. po. se.	Cul.	Nicholas Scott	

TRANSLATION OF THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENT OF THE VERDICT PASSED UPON THE MUTINEERS.

On which day (July 24th, 1618) the triple proclamation as is customary having been made that all men rest in silence, for the reason that the Lord Justiciaries be about to deal with pleas of the crown, letters of commission sealed with the great seal of England, were read throughout with a loud voice.

Then, on the Sheriff of the County of Surrey being called forth, there appeared Robert Bellyn, deputy of John Midleton, Esq., the Sheriff aforesaid, and introduced an order to him directed to cause to come twenty-four honest and lawful men of the said County of Surrey to enquire on behalf of our said lord the King, etc., with a list (panel) of those summoned, from whom the following were chosen and sworn, viz. :

Michael Nicholson
John Hayman
George Dalton
Edward Jones
William Brookes
John Wright
Daniel Brooke
Thomas Serles
Henry Hawkes

Edward Coker	Simon Adams
William Sands	Henry Serles
Osmund Uncles	John Tiers
John Gunnary	Edward Walker

who were sworn and have (a day assigned) to return their verdict, viz., on Friday, July 24th, 1618.

Then on the Knight Marshal of the Royal Hospital or Marshalsea having been called forth, there appeared William Richardson, deputy of the said Marshal, and introduced an order to him directed to bring all pirates and prisoners committed to him by the Admiralty, together with a list of pirates, and presented them, viz. :

Robert Walsingham John Lucum	For spoliation of a ship called the "Susan Constance" of the port of London.[1]
William Mortimer William Austen	For capture and spoliation of a ship the "Angel of Norway."
Richard Fox Richard Arloby Nicholas Scott	For capture and spoliation of a ship the "Herring Maid" of Enckhuysen, and slaughter of Peter Humber (Hanckes ?), master of the same.
Mustafa Turcus	

When this had been done, the prisoners were called under a caution to appear on this day and at this place, and their sureties.

Abacuk Prickett appeared and was tried.

Bennett Mathues and Francis Ashley (Clemens ?) also appeared.

They were tried before the following jurymen :

George Dalton	John Wright
Edward Jones	Daniel Brooke
William Brookes	Thomas Serles
Edward Coker	Henry Hawkes
William Sands	Simon Adams
Osmund Uncles	Henry Serles
	John Tiers
	Edward Walker

who gave in their verdict contained in their seven bills of indictment and thus were dismissed. When this had been done the

[1] It is interesting to note that the "Susan Constance" here mentioned was probably the flagship "Susan Constant" of the Virginia Expedition of December 1606.

prisoners were called forth to the bar and interrogated whether they were guilty of the separate following spoliations upon which they were originally indicted :

Abacuk Prickett Edward Wilson	For the ejection of Henry Hudson and others from the ship the " Discovery " in a boat called a shallop, without food or drink and other necessaries, and the murder of the same.
Robert Walsingham	For spoliation of a ship called the " Susan Constance " of the port of London.
Richard Fox Richard Arloby Nicholas Scott	For capture and spoliation of a ship the " Herring Maid " of Enckhuysen, and slaughter of Peter Hanckes, Master of the same.
William Mortimer William Austen Thomas Cotgrave	For spoliation of a ship the " Angel of Norway."
William Austen Thomas Cotgrave	For spoliation of an unknown ship from Salcombe.

All of whom were asked respectively whether they were guilty of the separate aforesaid spoliations, and they answered in turn that they were not guilty of the said spoliations and chose to be tried by jury (threw themselves on their country). Then on the Sheriff of the County of Surrey being called forth, Robert Bellyn, deputy of the said Sheriff, introduced an order. (The remainder of this page of the document has been cut away or lost, and only a fragment of the heading of the next remains.)

Abacuk Prickett Edward Wilson	For the murder of Henry Hudson and others. They said they were not guilty nor have they fled.
Robert Walsingham	For the spoliation of the ship " Susan Constance." They said he was guilty, but he had none of the goods.
Richard Fox Richard Arloby Nicholas Scott	For the spoliation of the ship " Herring Maid " and for the murder of Peter Humber (Hanckes ?) They said that they were guilty of piracy, but not of murder, and said they had none of the goods.
William Mortimer William Austen Thomas Cotgrave	For the spoliation of the ship the " Angel of Norway." They said that the said Mortimer was guilty, but that William Austen and Thomas Cotgrave were not guilty.

William Austen Thomas Cotgrave	For the spoliation and removal of the ship from Salcombe. They said that they were not guilty.

Then the said Robert Walsingham, William Mortimer, Richard Fox, Richard Arloby, and Nicholas Scott, having been found guilty, were called to the bars and were asked what they could show why they should not pronounce the sentence of death upon them, and no objection being raised all the Justices pronounced the sentence upon them that (they were to be taken back) to prison and thence to be led out to their accustomed abode, namely, Wapping, and there (they were) to be hanged by the neck until they were dead.

Translation into Modern English of Photostat.

No. 5.

Pirates tried in Southwark on Friday, July 24th, 1618.

(It will be noticed that the verdict is given first, that is, before the name of the prisoner and the charge on which he is tried.)

Pleads Not Guilty. Abacuk Prickett	Verdict. Not Guilty nor did he flee.	For feloniously pinioning and putting Henry Hudson,
Plead Not Guilty. Edward Wilson Francis Clemens	Verdict. Not Guilty	master of the "Discovery," out of the same ship with eight more of his company into a shallop in the Isle in (the parts of) America without meat, drink, clothes or other provision, whereby they died.
Plead Not Guilty. Confessed by themselves and proved by the depositions of Emmanuel Butte, Henry Rochester, John Lee, Christopher Cutbourne, Mathew Ewer, and others.	Verdict. Guilty. Robert Walsingham and another (name erased)	No Mercy. For taking and spoiling the "Susan Constance" of London of cloth, leather, calfskins, and other goods of merchants of London and Bristol.
Confessed by himself.	(name erased)	For robbing a Flemish boat of bread, butter, and other things.

Confessed by himself.	(name erased)	For taking and carrying away a supply boat of Newcastle and her cargo.
Pleads Not Guilty. Verdict. Guilty. No Mercy.		
Confessed by themselves. William Mortimer Pleads Not Guilty. Verdict. Not Guilty. William Austen. Pleads Not Guilty. Verdict. Not Guilty. Thomas Cotgrave.		For taking and carrying away the "Angel of Norway."
Pleads Not Guilty. Verdict. Not Guilty. Confessed by themselves. William Austen. Pleads Not Guilty. Verdict. Not Guilty. Thomas Cotgrave.		For taking and carrying away a ship of Salcombe in Devonshire.
Confessed by themselves and proved by the oath of Peter Johnson who is to give evidence.	Pleads Not Guilty. Verdict. Guilty. Richard Fox. Pleads Not Guilty. Verdict. Guilty. Richard Arloby. Pleads Not Guilty. Verdict. Guilty. Nicholas Scott.	For taking and carrying away the "Herring Maid" of Enckhuysen, and killing Peter Hanckes the master thereof.

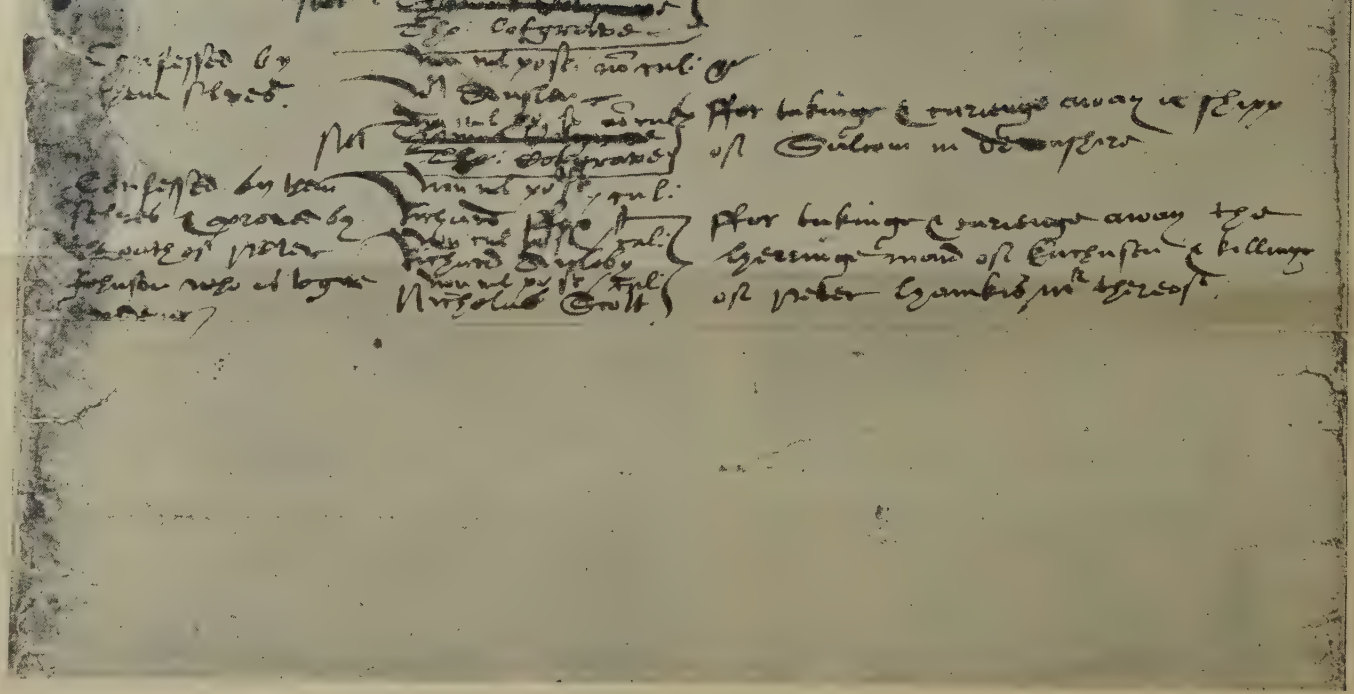
Peratte arraigned in Guildhall London on Friday
the [illegible] of [illegible] 1618

8 [illegible] } for felonously removing [illegible]
[illegible] } of [illegible]
[illegible] } Discovery out of the [illegible]
[illegible] } one more of his company into a [illegible]
in the [illegible] in the parish of [illegible]
and made [illegible] or other [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] } for taking [illegible]
[illegible] } [illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible] } value [illegible]

[illegible] } for robbing a [illegible]
[illegible] } [illegible]



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INDEX

Accomac, Peninsula, 80.
Adirondack Mountains, 108, 109.
Adrey, John, 45.
Aerssens, Francis, 72.
Agoomska (Akimiski) Island, 142.
Akpatok Island (Desire Provoketh), 135, 137.
Albany, 108, 109, 110.
Algonquin (Algonkin), 109.
Amsterdam, 20, 61, 65, 70, 72, 73, 74, 76, 87, 119, 162.
Anian, Straits of, 61, 82.
Antwerp, 62, 64, 65, 68, 70.
Archangel, 24.
Arminius, Jacobus (Hermann, Jakobs), 73.
Asher, Dr. George M., 51, 185.

Baccalaos, waters of, 90.
Bacon, Edgar Mayhew, 185.
Baffin Bay, 28.
Baffin, William, 73, 185.
Bagle, Francis, 61.
Bantam, 137, 187.
Bantry Bay, 182.
Barents, William (Barentson, or Willem Barendszoon), 18, 21-24, 28, 31, 35, 38, 42, 49, 51, 72, 73, 150.
Battery, the, 97, 98.
Baxter, Thomas, 27.
Bear Island, 21, 32, 38, 39.
Bears, polar, 48, 136.
Beavers, 92, 120, 149, 150.
Bedwell, Rev. William, 2.
Bennet, Stephen, 38.
Berehaven, 182.
Bermudas, 89.
Beubery, James, 27.
Bewindhebber, managers of the new ships, 67, 77.
Bishopsgate Street, 3, 162.
Blom, Dominie, of Kingston, 121.
Blubbertown (*see* Smeerenberg).
Bond, Silvanus, 124, 162, 164, 180.
Boty, Iver (Bartsen), 79, 131.
Braunch, John, 45.
Breidi Fiord, 127.
Briggs, Henry, 82.
Bristol, 6, 182.
Bruegel, Pieter, 64.
Brunel (Brownel), Oliver, 18, 19.
Burroughs, Stephen, 10, 12, 15.
Busse (Bus) Island, 14, 88.
Butt, Michael, 124, 125, 144, 162, 164.
Button, Admiral Sir Thomas, 184.
Bylot (Billet, Billets, Byleth, Bileth), Robert, 124, 140, 141, 143, 148, 150, 156, 162, 164, 169, 171, 177, 179, 180, 182, 183, 184, 185.

Cabot, John, 2, 4, 5, 6, 90.
Cabot, Sebastian, 2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 27, 90, 130, 134, 135.
Cape Charles (Dry Cape), 95.
Cape Chelyuskin, 56.
Cape Cod (New Holland), 93.
Cape Digges, 139, 146, 173.
Cape Dufferin, 142.
Cape Farewell, 28.
Cape Hatteras, 94.
Cape Henrietta Maria, 143.
Cape Hold with Hope, 135.
Cape Jones, 142.
Cape Kattaktok, 135.
Cape May, 95.
Cape Mitre (Collins Cape), 33, 34.
Cape Smith, 141.
Cape of Tartaria (*see* Tabin Promontory).
Cape Weggs (King James Cape), 136.

Cape Wolstenholme (Worsenhome), 139, 141, 172, 173.
Carlsen, Captain Elling, 23.
Castleton, 106.
Cathay, 5, 9, 12, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 46, 84, 130.
Catskill Landing, 114.
Catskill Mountains, 105, 107.
Cavendish, Thomas, of Corpus Christi College Cambridge, 79, 137.
Champlain, Samuel de, 108, 109.
Chancellor, Richard, 12, 15.
Charles v., Emperor, 7, 62, 63.
Charles Island (Queen Anne's Foreland), 136.
Charlton Island, 163, 183, 188.
Cherry, Sir Francis, 19.
Cherry Island (*see* Bear Island).
Chesapeake Bay, 80, 95.
Chilham Castle, 122, 137.
Chin, the sea of, 18, 27.
Clemens, Francis, 124, 143, 148, 162, 164, 180, 186, 191, 193, 195, 197.
Cohohatalea River (*see* Hudson River).
Coleburne (Colbert or Coolbrand), Master, 125.
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 181.
Collines or Collins, William, 27, 32, 33.
Collins Cape (*see* Cape Mitre).
Colman, John, 33, 84, 99, 100, 101.
Colman's Point (Sandy Hook), 100.
Columbus, Christopher, 5, 6, 27, 131.
Coney Island, 98.
Contract between Henry Hudson and directors of East India Company, 77, 78.
Conway, Sir Martin, 32, 33, 35, 37.
Cooke, John, 27, 45, 50.
Coryat, Tom, 46, 123.
Costin Shar (Costing Sarch) Sound in Novaya Zemlya, 53, 56.

Daniel, Samuel, 43.
Dartmouth, 117, 118.
Davis, Captain John, 27, 36, 58, 73, 92, 117, 123, 130, 131, 134, 176.
Davis Strait, 6, 28, 36, 83.
Day, Richard, 27.
De Laet, John, 106.
Delaware Bay, 95.
Delft, 63, 76.
Desolation (southern extremity of Greenland), 134.
De Veer, Gerrit, 21, 23, 42.
Digges, Sir Dudley, 87, 122, 125, 153, 173.
Digges Island, 140, 169, 176, 180, 184.
"Discovery," the, 122, 123, 124, 125, 141, 143, 145, 155, 159, 162, 169, 172, 174, 179, 184, 186, 189, 192, 196, 197.
Dobbs, Jeremiah, 105.
"Dolphin," the, 96.
Dorset, 57.
Doughty, Captain Thomas, 137.
Drake, Sir Francis, 79, 137.
Drayton, Michael, 35.
Dry Cape (*see* Cape Charles).
Dun Islands (Lammas Islands?), 37.
Dutch East India Company, 61, 68, 69, 72, 74, 75, 77.
Dutch West India Company, 106, 120.

Eagle Rock, 104.
East India Company, 81, 122, 187.
East India traffic, 66.
East Indies, 65, 66, 70, 71, 77, 85, 119, 137, 184.
Eden, Richard, 11.
Edward VI, 8, 9.
Elizabeth, Queen, relations with Ivan the Terrible, 13; 24, 71.
Ellis Island (Kioshk Island or Gull Island), 102.
Enckhuysen or Enchuysen, 19, 20, 76.
Engroneland (*see* Greenland).
Ericsson, Leif, 132.
Eskimos (Skraelings), 9, 28, 29, 92, 132, 133, 135, 174, 176, 177.

Fanner, Syracke, 124, 125, 162, 164.
Faroe (Färoer, Faroe) Islands, 27, 38, 87, 126.
Flamborough Head, 126.
Florida, 7.
Fotherby, Captain Robert, 34.

Foxe, Captain Luke (or North-West Foxe), 81, 131, 141, 161.
Frobisher, Sir Martin, 27, 101, 130, 134.
Frome, river, 57.
"Furious Overfall," John Davis (Lumley's Inlet or Mouth of Hudson Strait), 57, 58, 83, 87, 119, 121, 130.

GALWAY, green fields of, 182.
Gansevoort Market, 102.
Gerritz or Gerrard, Hessel, 119, 183.
Gibraltar, 71, 72.
Gilby, Humfrey, 45.
Gillam, Captain Zachariah, 188.
Gomez, Estevan, 80, 97, 101.
Goose Land, 14, 52, 85.
Gosnold, Captain Bartholomew, 93.
Grampuses, 30.
Greely, Lieutenant A. W., 151.
Greene, Henry, 125, 126, 128, 129, 140, 141, 147, 148, 150, 152, 154, 155, 157, 159, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 176, 177, 178, 179.
Greenland (Engronland, Groneland, Groenland), 9, 27, 28, 29, 30, 36, 39, 49, 129, 131, 132, 133, 134, 181.
Gresham, Sir Thomas, 8, 9.
Gull Island (*see* Ellis Island).

HAGUE, the, 65, 70, 72, 76.
Hakluyt, Richard, Archdeacon of Westminster, 19, 34, 35, 60, 92.
Hakluyt's Headland, 34, 40.
"Half Moon," the, 84, 85, 91, 93, 94, 96, 98, 100, 101, 104, 105, 108, 109, 115, 118, 119, 189.
Hannah Bay (Michaelmas Bay), 144.
Hanseatic Confederacy, 5, 8, 133.
Harbour Hill, 95.
Harriot, Thomas, 86.
Hastings, Mary, Countess of Huntingdon, 13.
Hawkins, Sir John, 1.
Heemskerk or Heemskerke, Jacob van, 20, 21, 22, 23, 71, 72, 73.
Henry VIII of England, 7, 25, 151.
Henry IV of France and Navarre, 71, 72, 74, 75, 76, 127.
Henry, Prince, 123, 126.
Hilles, Thomas, 45, 47.
Hoboken, 116.
Hold-with-Hope, Land of, 29, 39.
Holland (*see* United Provinces).
Hondius, Jodicus, 31, 37, 56, 77, 78, 79, 92.
Hook Mountain (Verdrietig Hoek or Tedious Hook), 105.
"Hopewell," the, 24, 34, 42, 45, 46, 50, 52, 54, 55, 57, 99, 189.
Hore, Master, 151.
Houtman, Cornelius, 67.
Hudson, Alice, 61, 78.
Hudson Bay, 58, 130, 143, 173, 179, 184.
Hudson City, 106.
Hudson, Captain Henry, birth and family, 1, 78, 186, 187; first sailing, 24-44; inauguration of the whaling industry, 39-44; Spitsbergen, 31-38; second sailing, 45-59; Novaya Zemlya, 50-59; Dutch negotiations, 60-83; Dutch contract, 77-83; third sailing, 84-121; discovery of the Hudson River, 96-116; description of Red Indians, 106; fourth sailing, 123-167; wintering, 146-156; mutiny, 157-167; ultimate fate, 188, 189.
Hudson, John, 1, 27, 45, 54, 78, 124, 162, 164, 166, 192, 193.
Hudson, Katherine, 1, 78, 186, 187, 188.
Hudson, Millard F., vii-viii.
Hudson, Oliver, 1, 61, 78, 188.
Hudson, Richard, 1, 78, 187, 188.
Hudson River (River Cohohatalea, St. Antonio River, North River), 81, 84, 96, 97, 98, 108, 113, 114, 117.
Hudson's Bay Company, 3, 135, 149, 150, 154, 188.
Hudson Strait, 6, 58, 62, 130, 180.
Hudson's Tutches or Touches (*see* Jan Mayen Island).

ICE CAPE or Ice Point, 20, 21, 23, 72.
Iceland or Islandt, 5, 9, 27, 88, 127.
Ile de Richelieu (*see* Jan Mayen Island).

Indians (*see* Red Indians).
Ireland, 117, 181, 182, 184.
Iroquois, 121.
Ivan the Terrible (Ivan Vasilivitch, Duke of Muscovy), 12, 18.

Jackman, Charles, 16, 22, 49.
James Bay, 142, 143, 144, 146, 154, 183.
James I, 24, 43, 71, 122, 184.
James, Captain Thomas, 151, 188.
Jamestown, Virginia, 80, 94.
Jan Mayen Island (Hudson's Tutches or Touches, Ile de Richelieu, Trinity Island), 38, 43, 44.
Janvier, Thomas A., 185.
Java, 142, 179.
Jeannin, Pierre, President of the Parliament of Burgundy, 71, 75, 76.
Juet, Robert, 45, 50, 55, 84, 86, 90, 94, 95, 98, 99, 105, 106, 110, 114, 115, 116, 124, 129, 137, 142, 143, 150, 151, 158, 159, 161, 162, 164, 165, 170, 171, 172, 179, 180, 181, 182.

Kara Bay, 20, 55.
Kara Sea, 15, 16, 49, 66.
King, John, 125, 143, 153, 156, 161, 163, 165.
King Oscar's Fiord, 28.
King's Bay (*see* Whales Bay).
Kingstown, 105, 121.
Kioshk Island (*see* Ellis Island).
Knight, James, 27.
Knight, John, 131.
Kubla Kahn, 12, 14.

Labrador, 7, 11, 58, 131, 135, 139, 149.
Lammas Island, 37.
Lapland, 14.
La Plata River or Rio de la Plata, 7.
Le Maire, Isaac, 69, 74.
Le Maire, Jacob, 75.
Limehouse, 48, 86.
Linschoten, John Huygen van, 66.
Lodlo, Arnold (Ladley, Ludlow, Ladlo, or Arnall Ludlowe), 45, 46, 50, 51, 56, 124, 142, 154, 162, 164.
Lofoten Islands, 46, 57, 87.
Lok, Dr. Michael, 80.
Long Island, 95.
Lumley's Inlet (*see* "Furious Overfall").
Lundy Island, 5.

Mackenzie River, 149.
Magellan, Strait of, 69, 76, 108.
Magnetic Pole, 134.
Maine, coast of, 90.
Manhattan, 102, 110, 120.
Marco Polo, 5.
Marlowe, Christopher, 86.
Martha's Vineyard, 94.
Mary, Queen, 10.
Mathues, Bennett (Bennet Mathewes), 124, 125, 142, 154, 161, 162, 180, 181, 186, 191, 195.
Matochkin Shar, 49, 53.
Maurice, Prince, of Nassau, Prince of Orange, 70.
May, Jan Jacobsz, 38.
Mercator, Gerardus, 15, 19.
Merchant Adventurers, Company of, 9, 13.
Mermaids, 47, 48.
Meteren, Emanuel van, 61, 85, 118, 119.
Michiel, Giovanni, 15.
Mohawks, 121.
Moluccas, 7.
Monmouth County, New Jersey, 99.
Montaigne, Seigneur de Michel, 101, 109.
Montoma, 107.
Moore, Adame, 124, 125, 144, 162, 164.
Moscow, 13.
Mosquito Bay, 172.
Motter, Adrian, 124, 143, 154, 161, 162, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180.
Moucheron, Balthasar de, 18, 20, 24, 68, 69.
Moucheron, Melchior de, 24.
Mount Beerenberg, 44.
Mount of God's Mercie, 28.
Mount Hekla, 127, 128.
Mount Kenya, 50.
Mount Staraschin, 36.
Murphy, Henry Cruse, United States Minister at the Hague, 77.

Muscovy Company, 13, 14, 15, 18, 19, 24, 32, 39, 43, 45, 120, 121.

NANSEN, Fridtjof, 93.
Narrows, the, 98, 99, 101.
Narwhal, 16, 173.
Navesink, 95.
Newburgh, 114.
Newfoundland, 90, 117, 118, 181.
New Holland (*see* Cape Cod).
New Jersey, 98, 99.
Newland or Nieuland (*see* Spitsbergen).
New York City, 98, 105, 108.
New York Harbour, 97, 99, 101-102.
Nordenskiöld, Baron Nils Adolf Erik, 56.
North Cape, 46, 85.
North-East Passage, 20, 45, 74.
North Pole, passage across, 24-25, 26, 29, 35, 39, 60, 72.
North River (*see* Hudson River).
North-West Passage, 117, 119, 122, 151, 158, 168, 183, 184, 185.
Nottaway, river, 146.
Novaya Zemlya (Nova Zembla), 14, 16, 20, 21, 23, 45, 48, 49, 77, 81, 82, 150.

OB or Oby, the river, 18, 19, 20, 38, 51, 56, 82.
Octher, 32.
Olden-Barneveldt, John van, 68, 70, 71.
Opritchniki, the, 13.
Orange Islands, 20.
Orinoco River, 6.
Orkney Islands, 126, 127.
Ortelius, Abraham, 118, 130.
Os, Dirk van, 67, 77, 78.

PALISADES, 104.
Parma, Alexander Farnese, Duke of, 79
Pechora, river, 20.
Peekskill, 114.
Penobscot Bay, 91.
Peregrine falcon, 52.
Perse, Michael, 45, 46, 124, 154, 161, 162, 170, 176, 177, 178, 179.
Pet, Arthur, 16, 22, 49.
Pet Strait, 20.
Philip II of Spain, 10, 62, 65, 71.
Philip III of Spain, 70.
Plancius, Peter, 20, 26, 73, 74, 76, 81, 92, 131, 183.
Pleyce or Pleyse, John, 27, 28, 34, 35, 36, 42, 63.
Pliny, 5, 56, 128.
Plymouth or Pilgrim fathers, 93.
Poole, Jonas, 53.
Porpoises, 48, 57.
Portland Promontory, 171.
Poughkeepsie, 114.
Prickett, Abacuk or Abecocke, or Abacuck Pricket, 124, 125, 126, 127, 136, 138, 140, 141, 143, 145, 148, 153, 159, 160, 161, 162, 165, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 176, 177, 178, 180, 181, 183, 184, 185, 186, 191, 192, 193, 195, 196, 197.
Public Record Office, 185.
Purchas, Rev. Samuel, 26, 60, 145, 170, 184.

RADISSON, Pierre Esprit, 154, 188.
Raleigh, Sir Walter, 24, 86, 123.
Raynar, Robert, 45, 47.
Read, General John Meredith, viii.
Reael, Commander Laurens, 119.
Red Hook, 114.
Red Indians, 80, 91, 92, 93, 98, 101, 102, 105, 107, 108, 109, 110, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 121, 152, 153, 158.
"Resolution," the, 184.
Resolution Island, 134.
Ribeiro's chart, 80.
Rockefeller, John D., 105.
Rocky Mountains, 50.
Rotchesfell, the mountain of, 37.
Rupert's Bay, 144.
Ryp, John Cornelius, or Jan Cornelis-zoon Rijp, 20, 31.

SADDLEBACK ISLANDS (the Isles of God's Mercies), 135, 138, 180.
St. Antonio River (*see* Hudson River).
St. Ethelburga, church of, 1, 2, 3, 24.
St. Katherine, Precinct of, 124.
St. Katherine's Pool, 46, 124.
St. Mary Aldermary, 61.

Salisbury Island, 136.
Samoyeds, 51.
Sandy Hook, 95.
Scandinavian Colony in Greenland, 131, 133,
Scott, Robert Falcon, 41.
Scurvy, 44, 148.
Seals, 52, 88, 178.
"Searchthrift," the, 10, 15.
"Sea Venture," the, 89.
Seneca, 5.
Seven Icebergs, the, or the Seven Mountains, 34.
Shackleton, Sir Ernest Henry, 41.
Shakespeare, Susanna, daughter of William, 28.
Shakespeare, William, 89, 146.
Sherrick Mountain, 145.
Sidney, Sir Philip, 80.
Skraelings (*see* Eskimos).
Skrutton or Strutton, James, 27, 45.
Smeerenburg or Blubbertown, 40.
Smith, Captain John, 79, 81, 92, 94.
Smith Island, 141.
Smith, Sir Thomas, 122, 183.
Sneyden's Landing, 104, 105.
Somers, Sir George, 89.
South Goose Cape, 49.
South Sea or Sea Sur, 173, 184.
Spice Islands, 66.
Spitsbergen (Nieuland, Newland, Spitzbergen, Svalbard), 21, 30, 31, 32, 35, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42, 43, 44, 49, 84.
Spuyten Duyvil, 104, 115.
Staffe, Philip, 45, 46, 124, 137, 142, 144, 145, 147, 148, 158, 163, 165, 188.
Stage Harbour, 94.
Staten Island, 98.
States-General, 67, 68, 69.
Steelyard, the, 8.
"Susan Constance," the, 191, 192, 193, 195, 196, 197.
Svalbard (*see* Spitsbergen).
Syms, Nicholas, 124, 158, 163, 180.

TABIN, Promontory, 16, 18, 56.
Tappan Sea, 105.
Taylor, Captain, 182.
Tempest, The, 89.
Ternate (Spice Island), 85.
Terschelling Island, 21.
Thomas, John, 124, 125, 154, 161, 162, 163, 164, 169, 176, 177, 178, 179.
Thorne, Robert, 25.
Thule, 5, 127.
Tidore (Spice Island), 85.
Tomson, Richard, 45.
Trinity House, 172, 183.

UNGAVA BAY, 135, 137.
Unicorn, horn, 16.
United Netherlands (*see* United Provinces).
United Provinces (United Netherlands, Rebellious Provinces, Holland), 65, 70, 71, 72, 117, 118, 119.
Usselincx, William, 65.

VAIGACH (Vaigaits, Waigats, Vaygats), 16, 20, 49, 56.
Van Cortlandts, 121.
Van Rensselaers, 121.
Vardö Island (Vardoehuus), 12, 23, 57.
Vasilivitch, Duke of Muscovy (*see* Ivan the Terrible).
Venson, Master, 126, 147.
Verazzano, Giovanni da: discovery of Hudson River, statue of, 80, 96, 97, 101.
Verdict on Mutineers, 190–198.
Virginia, colony of, 79, 80, 81, 87, 89, 119.
Vogel Hook (Vogelhoek, Vogel Hooke), 21, 31, 42.

WALRUSES, 32, 38, 44, 50, 52, 53, 54, 56.
Wampum, 110, 113.
Wardoehuus (*see* Vardö).
Warner, William, 19.
Waymouth, John, 182.
Weehawken, 116.
West Indies, 5.
West Point, 104.
Wetheringsett, 35.
Weymouth, Captain George, 81, 125, 130, 131.
Whales, 33, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43.

Whales Bay (King's Bay), 32, 33, 84, 99.
White Nose, the (White Nore, White Nothe) promontory of Dorset, 57.
White Sea, 12, 18, 51.
Williams, John, 124, 125, 147.
William the Silent, Prince of Orange, 63, 64.
Willoughby, Sir Hugh, 9, 12, 14, 15
Willoughby's Land, 14, 43, 57.
Wilson, Edward, ship's surgeon, 124, 129, 163, 164, 180, 183, 184, 186, 192, 193, 196, 197.
Wilson, William, seaman, 124, 143, 150, 152, 154, 155, 157, 158, 159, 160, 162, 164, 169, 176, 177, 179.
Wolstenholme, Sir John, 122, 146.
Wydowse (Woodhouse, Widowes, Wydhouse), Thomas, 124, 125, 138, 143, 152, 162, 164.

YONKERS, 104.
Young, James, 27.
Young's Cape, 28.

ZENI chart, 27, 29.

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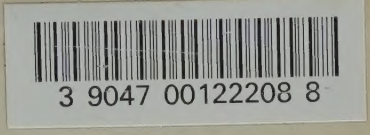
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